The Beaver

A MAGAZINE OF THE NORTH

OUTFIT 269
NUMBER 1

PUBLISHED QUARTERLY BY
Hudson's Bay Company.
INCORPORATED 2ND MAY 1670.

C. A. KEEFER

Fort Rae, established 1852, on the caribou migration route, and named for Chief Factor John Rae, a great explorer, and first man to discover Franklin's fate. On the northwest arm of Great Slave Lake, Fort Rae is surrounded by great fur and mineral wealth.

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THE HBC PACKET

June—and a quickening of preparation for the brief Arctic transportation season when the farthest post gets its year's supplies. The new *Fort Ross* making her maiden voyage from the Atlantic to the Pacific around Alaska and into her working territory along the Arctic Coast. The *Nascopie* casting off on July 9 for her twenty-sixth journey to the Eastern Arctic. The Mackenzie River Transport under way early in June, serving its tributaries and its main route north to Tuktuk beyond Aklavik.

The earliest chronicles of the Canadian west are disconcertingly vague. The exact location of Fort Maurepas, established by the La Vérendryes is a case in point. A few guesses in the March, 1934 *Beaver* as to its whereabouts brought forth a flood of letters of which some were published in the June issue. Now, with the approaching celebration of the two hundredth anniversary of the putative building of Fort Rouge (on a site a few steps from Hudson's Bay House), local historians are girding up their loins once more.

Was Fort Rouge ever anything but a cross on a map? If it was actually built, was it in 1738, 1739, or still later? Was it originally called Fort Maurepas, after the first post of that name was closed up, and before the name was transferred to the post near the mouth of the Winnipeg River? To all of which questions, the most truthful answer is: "Nobody knows."

Certainly there was a French fort built at the junction of the Red and Assiniboine Rivers, close to where Fort Garry later stood. But La Vérendrye's own account of its building is distressingly indefinite. He admits that, in the fall of 1738, two of his friends arrived there with the intention of building a fort. But nowhere does he, or any of his sons, state that it was actually built. Nor does he name it. On a map of 1737 (in which year he proposed to transfer Fort Maurepas from a site below the present town of Selkirk to the present site of Winnipeg,) Fort Maurepas is shown already transferred to the junction of the two rivers. While on a map subsequent to 1741, the name Maurepas has been changed to Rouge.

From such a flimsy foundation springs the almost indestructible legend that in 1738, La Vérendrye built Fort Rouge on the site of Winnipeg. But whether this is true or not, 1938 is as good a year as any to remember with more-than-ordinary enthusiasm the explorations of La Vérendrye *père et fils—et neveu*.

And so this fall, the two hundredth anniversary of La Vérendrye senior's second visit to the mouth of the Assiniboine, Winnipeg and St. Boniface will stage a series of pageants, and a monument will be unveiled to the dauntless explorer and fur trader in St. Boniface's La Vérendrye Park.—*C.P.W.*

The Beaver is fitly covered this month in a wild cranberry Hudson's Bay Point Blanket. The ship is the former Hudson's Bay *Tilania*, queen of the clipper ships. Captain Beavis, of Vancouver, has written feelingly of his voyages on her.

The publication of a new, authentic history of the Royal Canadian Mounted Police (reviewed in this issue by Clifford Wilson) completes a valuable trilogy. First came J. Murray Gibbon's story of the Canadian Pacific Railway, "Steel of Empire," then "The Honourable Company," by Douglas MacKay, and now Mr. Fetherstonhaugh's book on the Mounted Police. Lynn Carrick, formerly of Bobbs-Merrill and now of Carrick and Evans, was responsible for the publishing of all three, and when he was looking for a writer for the Police history, Mr. MacKay introduced Mr. Fetherstonhaugh. Another earlier book sponsored by Mr. MacKay was "Freshwater," George Cuthbertson's beautifully illustrated history of Great Lakes shipping.

The new Police history has passed the critical eye of Colonel Dann at Mounted Police headquarters, to whom it was sent for review. "Being somewhat critical of all books on the Royal Canadian Mounted Police, I started rather coldly on this book," Colonel Dann writes. "The first fifty pages dealing with the most critical period have been much written up. After that, I became more interested than in any of the many books on the Force that I have read. It has agreeable style; the writer's license is not very evident; and it sticks closely to well presented facts.

"I recommend this book to anyone interested in the Police as the best at present in print, and as one that brings the history of the Force right up to the present."

In the last century the search for Sir John Franklin resulted in the mapping of 7,000 miles of coastline. Casualties in the Arctic during that century totalled more than 4,000 men and 200 ships. The Hudson's Bay Company has its own proud roll-call of explorer-traders, who unrolled the map northward with almost a minimum of loss of life, and at comparatively modest cost.

In this issue Mary Kennedy writes of the young Chevalier of the Legion of Honour who gave his name to Bellot Strait. The commander of that expedition was Miss Kennedy's father, a Company man who had served in Labrador. "Billy" Kennedy had been born at Cumberland House, where his father was a Chief Factor. As a small boy he had known Sir John Franklin, who stayed three months at Cumberland House in 1819. Franklin taught him arithmetic, writing, reading, and made him learn daily Bible verses. In 1851, Captain Kennedy refused remuneration for his expedition in search of Franklin. The expedition itself was financed by Lady Franklin and public subscription.

Canada's reindeer supply was low and getting lower in 1929 when the Dominion Government bought 3,000 reindeer from the Lomen Reindeer Corporation of Alaska. Lapland reindeer herders drove the herd to Canada and trained Eskimos to look after them. It was a hard journey from Alaska to the Mackenzie Delta and many animals died along the way. Richard's Island, their summer grazing range, was finally reached, and the remaining animals began to gain strength. Since arriving at Richard's Island in 1934, the reindeer have increased from 2,370 to a sturdy herd of more than 4,000. The annual killing off of surplus stock provides food and clothing for local Eskimos. In time Canada's northland will have a hardy stock of reindeer born in the district and becoming securely attached to the Canadian range.

The Company's Historical Exhibit in the Winnipeg Store has emerged from its annual restoration by Clifford Wilson of Montreal. Fresh material has been introduced, and new cases arranged. The Exhibit illustrates the history of the fur trade in Canada, especially within the Company. It is divided into the following sections: Founding of the Company; Early forts on Hudson Bay; the North West Company; Mackenzie River area; Selkirk settlers; Sir George Simpson; Eskimo and Arctic; Plains Indians; Pacific Coast Transportation; Life in the posts; After 1870; Fort Garry and Winnipeg; Twentieth Century; Replica of a northern trading post.

The Last Log of the Fort James

THIS is the log of the last moments of the Company's motor ship *Fort James*, crushed by Arctic ice in Coronation Gulf off Chantry Island last August. The pictures were taken by the Chief Engineer towards midnight as she was sinking. The *James* was a supply ship for the Western Arctic. Her crew was gallantly rescued by the R.C.M.P. schooner *St. Roch*. A rescue line rigged from ship to ship was smartly severed by a shot before the *James* sank. Both were anchored to ice floes. The log, with only a few deletions, follows:

August 5th, 1937. Wind west, force 6-7. Increasing to gale force and thick misty rain. Whole ice pack and vessel drifting to the S.E. very fast. The main engine in use, when severe strain put on ropes which were made fast to the ice to ease the pressure. At 6.30 a.m. the vessel got jammed in the ice solid and unable to move. Pressure became very severe and the vessel took a nine-degree port list, and remained in that position fifteen minutes. There was very little creaking or cracking. The R.C.M.P. schooner is made fast to the ice 75 feet to the windward of us.

Noon. Wind west, force 7-8. No change in weather or conditions. Position lat., 68-58 N., long. 115-10 W.

6 p.m. Strong westerly gale and thick misty rain. Vessel drifting to the S.E. and under severe pressure. Water kept under control by small engine-room gas pump. One hand-pump in use occasionally.

9 p.m. Wind west, force 8., bar. 29.11. Position about 1½ miles off Cockburn Reefs.

9.20 p.m. The ice pressure became very severe, and the large pan of ice that we were tied up to began to break up.

9.30 p.m. Pressure pushed vessel over to starboard, and put the rail under water. She remained in that position for approximately five minutes, then righted as the pressure eased.

9.40 p.m. Water over engine-room floor. Started gas pumps on deck also hand pumps, but water gained fast.

10 p.m. Hold half full of water, and I decided to abandon ship, as water was still gaining rapidly and no possible chance of saving ship, as pieces of the keel began to float up through the ice.

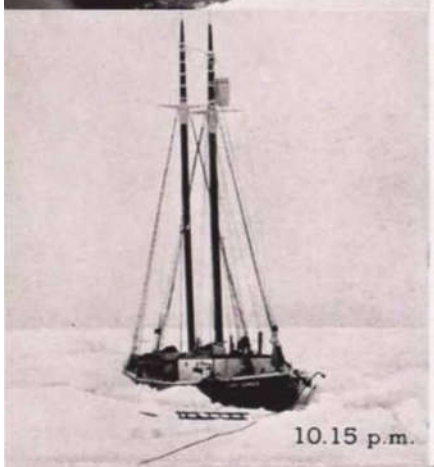
10.15 p.m. Crew transferred to the St. Roch, which was tied to the ice fifty feet away.

Vessel gradually settled down, and by 10.45 p.m. the decks were awash. Vessel remained in that position for some time, being held up by the ice and pressure. Vessel eventually settled down by the head, and by midnight the forecastle head was under water.

August 6th, 1937. Vessel gradually settling by the head, and by 0.30 a.m. only the top of the main mast and poop were visible.

0.45 a.m. Vessel disappeared altogether, and only wreckage was visible on the ice, the position then being three to four miles north of Chantry Island.

(Signed) R. J. SUMMERS, Master.
L. G. WHITE, Chief Engineer.



Men of the Old Fur Trade

By DOUGLAS MACKAY

Peter Skene Ogden, fur trader, who single-handed rescued the survivors of the Whitman massacre in 1847.

THE following is one of a series of broadcasts by Douglas MacKay over the network of the Canadian Broadcasting Corporation. It is reproduced here through the courtesy of the CBC.

For his subject on New Year's Day, 1938, Mr. MacKay chose one of his favourites among the great fur traders in history—Peter Skene Ogden, who was born a gentleman and preferred to become a fur trader rather than follow in the high judicial footsteps of his ancestors. Ogden became one of the giants of the fur trade of the last century, the hero of the perilous Snake Expeditions, and the central figure of the drama that succeeded the martyrdom of the Whitmans.

The broadcast follows:

On November 29, 1847, a shocking massacre of whites by Indians occurred in the Oregon Territory. In the opening of the American west there was nothing unique in the killing of settlers and missionaries by Indians, but the chain of events which followed the Whitman massacre has real significance in our Canadian story. Except by local historians of the Pacific Coast, the Whitman incident is almost forgotten, and it is recalled now only to give reality to the qualities of the men of the old fur trade.

Only school children today puzzle their heads over the fact that Old Oregon was not always in the United States. Americans used to call it the North West. To the Hudson's Bay Company of the day it was part of their New Caledonia. The frock-coated top-hatted diplomats of London and Washington called it the Oregon Territory, and when in 1846 they drew the international boundary neatly along the 49th parallel of latitude, Canada lost the Oregon forever. Fur traders felt they had been let down badly. Had not they occupied the territory? Kept the flag flying? Sent their ships round the Horn and to China? They had been good friends with the Spanish in California and with the Russians in Alaska. They felt strongly that

justice would have drawn the international boundary along the great Columbia River.

So firm was their belief that, when the Hudson's Bay Company set up its major establishment, they placed Fort Vancouver carefully on the north bank of the Columbia River. All that had been set aside when Her Majesty's Government conceded the Oregon to the United States, and the Company's great Fort Vancouver found itself in American territory. Likewise, its fur traders became aliens who were viewed with active suspicion by the covered wagon settlers who struggled each season across the mountains in search of free land and new frontiers. To the settlers, the Hudson's Bay Company was a feudal relic—an ominous survival of Royal Charters and monopolies. Then too, the war of 1812, only thirty years earlier, was fresh in their minds. The more intelligent of the settlers have left, in their letters and journals, acknowledgments of the traditional hospitality, courtesy, and generosity of Company men, but a land greedy rabble was mounting to political ascendency.

Years earlier, among the missionaries, medical and spiritual, who took the covered wagon trail, were Dr. and Mrs. Marcus Whitman, educated, intelligent people whose house became a refuge for numerous orphans, a hospital, a school, and a church. They had stayed at Fort Vancouver before establishing their mission at Waiilatpu on the Walla Walla River, where the doctor tried to replace the Indian's primitive medical treatment with the then modern remedies. Unluckily, in the fated November of 1847, a newly arrived lot of settlers brought with them measles in a form deadly to the Indian population. The Indian cure-all was jumping into an outdoor bath warmed by heated stones, and then into cold water. Applied as a panacea to measles, it proved fatal to about half of their population. Dr. Whitman, his own large household sick with the epidemic, bravely went his rounds. In the savage minds the belief grew that the doctor had poisoned them. Blood hate rose quickly, and one night the kindly doctor, his wife, and twelve of their household were horribly butchered. Of the seventy-four inmates of the mission, two others died, and from the remainder, forty-seven at least were held captive by the inflamed Indians.

At midnight on December 6, a canoe was beached at Fort Vancouver, and a French-Canadian voyageur pounded frantically at the gates. For five days he had been paddling down the Columbia from Walla Walla with news of the massacre. In the yellow lamp light of the mess room of the fort, he told his story to the two chief factors who shared the management of the Company's affairs—James Douglas and Peter Skene Ogden. The fur traders might well have sat grimly listening, and then dismissed the matter with shrugged shoulders, for this was not their affair. The Company no longer governed in Oregon. Company men were aliens there. Let the new provisional government of Oregon look after American citizens who get into Indian troubles. But these men knew that the Provisional Government of Oregon was busy making laws many miles away, and powerless, having at that time neither troops, muskets, nor prestige.

The commissioned gentlemen of the fur trade fort did not hesitate. It was a night of preparation, and at dawn Peter Skene Ogden started upstream with two bateaux and a handful of boatmen, unarmed and travelling light for speed. Ogden had every reason to know that he was heading right into a major Indian uprising. He reached Walla Walla on December 19 to find that the white captives had been carried away to various parts of the country. Ogden sent his messengers to the Indian chiefs with word that "Old Whitehead" was among them and would talk with them.

A word here about Peter Skene Ogden—Old Whitehead, to the Indians, and to the voyageurs, M'sieu Pete. He had been born in Quebec City in 1794, of a distinguished Loyalist family of barristers and jurists who came to Canada after the revolution. As a youngster of spirit, he took up the career then open to the bold, and went fur trading as a clerk with the North West Company. During the mad fighting days of the North West–Hudson's Bay feud, he was among the most aggressive. He won a partnership, and after the union of the two companies, he rose in the Hudson's Bay service. His career became most strongly identified with the Pacific Coast and the Rocky Mountain country.

This silver half-dollar was minted by the United States in 1925 for the hundredth anniversary of the founding of Fort Vancouver on the Columbia River.

In that December week, ninety years ago, Peter Ogden stood alone in the council of the Indian chiefs, and talked to them with the firm paternalism of a Company man. Ogden was no frontier roustabout. He was no iron-handed terrorist, and behind him was a lifetime spent in the Company tradition of native dealings. It was a realistic code, and it worked. The Indian was a free man, and that was something in a world where there were millions of slaves, and where English children worked in the mines. Second, a drunken Indian was a poor trapper and no asset to the fur trade. Third, honourably treated, the Indian could be your friend and ally. Fourth, no Indian must starve. But with irresponsible frontiersmen peddling firewater and killing natives on suspicion, there was no peace left in the fur trade. Frontier Americans had a tendency to shoot too soon.

So, alone, unarmed except for his own character and his authority as a Company man, Peter Ogden, gentle-

man, scholar, and fur trader, paced up and down the council room at Walla Walla among these savages who had tasted blood. Chief Factor Ogden spoke to them. In their own tongue, and in their own manner, he talked, prefacing all his remarks with the elaborate allusions dear to the Indian orator. This was no trading palaver. The lives of a band of white men, women and children hung on Ogden's words. He knew that a false step would bring a flaming Indian war and bloodshed throughout all the settlements and missions of the Oregon. Hour after hour, . . . all day, he talked:

"We have been among you for thirty years without the shedding of blood; we are traders, and of a different nation from the Americans, who are of the same colour, speak the same language, and worship the same God as ourselves, and whose cruel fate causes our hearts to bleed. Why do we make you chiefs, if you cannot control your young men? Besides this wholesale butchery you have robbed the Americans passing through your

The figures are a symbolical fur trader against a background of Fort and mountain; and the White Headed Eagle, the Father of the Oregon, John McLoughlin, a Chief Factor of the Hudson's Bay Company.

country, and have insulted their women. If you allow your young men to govern you, I say you are not men or chiefs, but hermaphrodites who do not deserve the name. Your hot-headed young men plume themselves on their bravery; but let them not deceive themselves. If the Americans begin war they will have cause to repent their rashness; for the war will not end until every man of you is cut off from the face of the earth! I am aware that many of your people have died; but so have others. It was not Dr. Whitman who poisoned them; but God who has commanded that they should die. You have the opportunity to make some reparation.

"I give you only advice, and promise you nothing should war be declared against you. The company has nothing to do with your quarrel. If you wish it, on my return I will see what can be done for you, but I do not promise to prevent war. Deliver me the prisoners to return to their friends, and I will pay you a ransom; that is all."

Tiloukaikt of the Cayuse tribe replied:

"Chief, your words are weighty, your hairs are gray. We have known you a long time. You have had an unpleasant journey to this place. I cannot therefore keep the families back. I make them over to you, which I would not do to another younger than yourself."

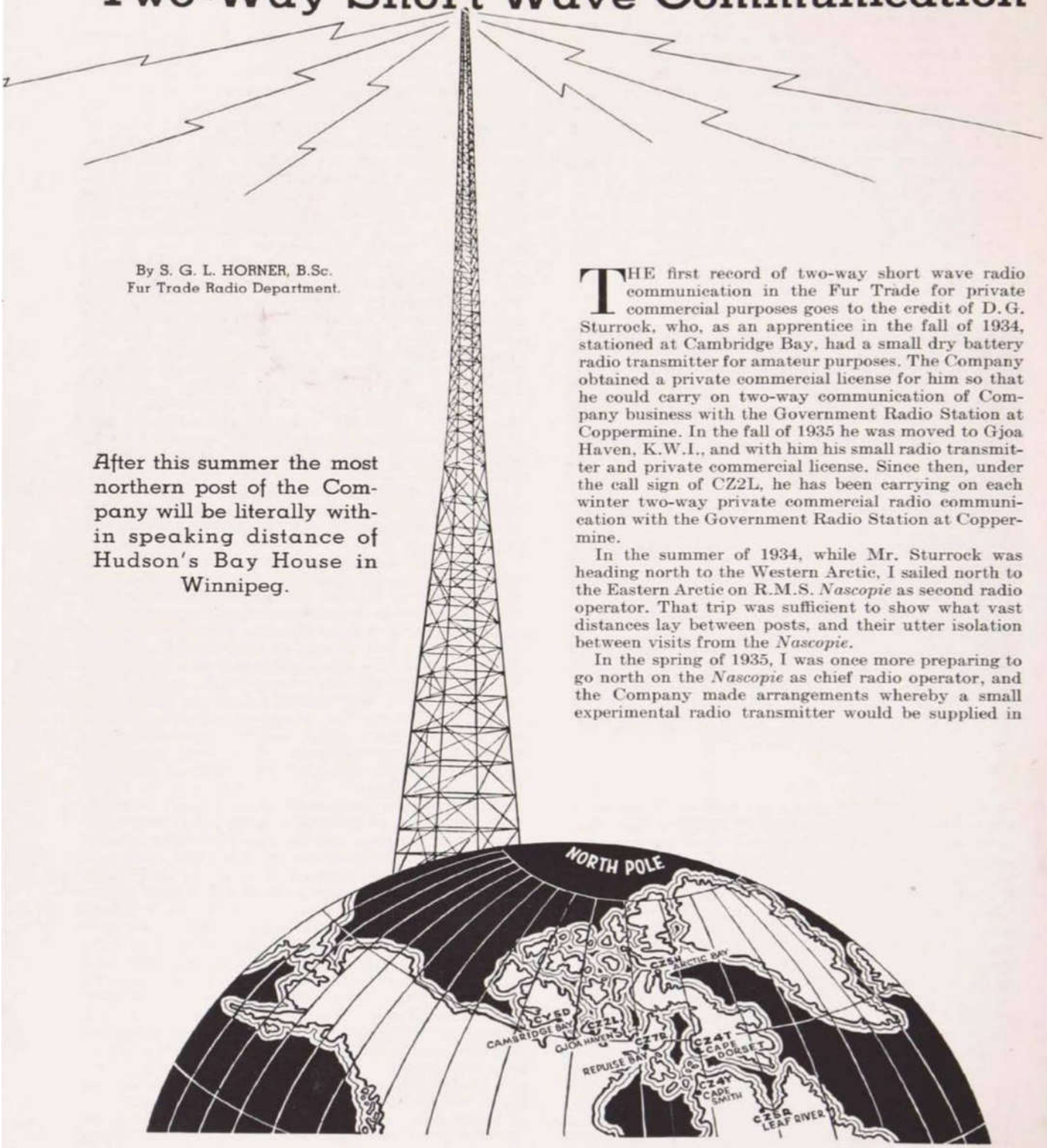
After five racking, apprehensive days, the prisoners were turned over to Ogden. "For two nights I have not slept," he wrote. "Thank God they are all safe." It was just in time, for Oregon volunteers were already moving up the Columbia, and the United States was about to engage in another Indian war. Later, in his routine reports, he gave a laconic account of what he had done, saying briefly it had been a difficult card to play, and knowing from a lifetime of fur trading the old Company's ruthless scrutiny of accounts, he offered to pay personally the expenses of the expedition if it was felt that he had exceeded his authority in charging its costs to the Fort Vancouver accounts.

This is only one of the stories of Peter Skene Ogden, and Ogden was only one of scores of commissioned officers of the fur trade. True, they were not all cultured, courageous men, but most of them had qualities of poise, dignity and authority. For all their years in remote places, they did not lapse into squalor. In other words, they did not "go native." They were the lean, leathery men of a fur trade service which commanded an *esprit de corps* comparable only to the army or the Royal navy, something which no commercial organization will ever see again. Many of them took native or halfbreed wives when a Bible, a spoken word and a written pledge were sufficient, and many contented family circles found this an adequate corner stone. In Ogden's case he brought up and educated a happy clan some of whom were still to be found in the fur trade a generation ago.

Perhaps the difference between these fur traders and the despised "squaw man" of fiction is first in the isolation of the lives they led, but, more important, in that the leaders in the service came either from solid, educated families of Lower Canada, as in the cases of Ogden, John Rowand and John McLoughlin—or as apprentice lads from the Highlands of Scotland. These Scottish boys were ideal types for the fur trade service. Having the basis of a classical education, the Shorter Catechism, and the Westminster Confession of Faith for sheet anchors, they carried their unbending principles into their careers. What they may have lacked in exuberance of spirits they made up in loyalty and moral qualities.

One is tempted on to other tales of the old fur trade, of Chief Factor John Rae, physician, fur trader and explorer, who determined the fate of the Franklin Expedition; of Chief Factor Robert Campbell, who spent eleven years fur trading and map making among hostile Indians of the unknown Yukon; of Chief Factor Alexander Hunter Murray, who established Fort Yukon in Russian territory, and told Imperial Russia to like it. But those tales will keep for another night. Certainly, in any country older than Canada, they would by now be woven into the pattern of the nation's story like the colours in a tartan. Song and story would make their sagas familiar to every child. Meanwhile, it is a pleasure to tell again the story of Peter Skene Ogden, who, though he did not explore new empires, found colonies, or receive titles, was a loyal employee and a great-hearted gentleman whose name will live on and on.

Posts of the Far North Will Have Two-Way Short Wave Communication



By S. G. L. HORNER, B.Sc.
Fur Trade Radio Department.

After this summer the most northern post of the Company will be literally within speaking distance of Hudson's Bay House in Winnipeg.

THE first record of two-way short wave radio communication in the Fur Trade for private commercial purposes goes to the credit of D. G. Sturrock, who, as an apprentice in the fall of 1934, stationed at Cambridge Bay, had a small dry battery radio transmitter for amateur purposes. The Company obtained a private commercial license for him so that he could carry on two-way communication of Company business with the Government Radio Station at Coppermine. In the fall of 1935 he was moved to Gjoa Haven, K.W.I., and with him his small radio transmitter and private commercial license. Since then, under the call sign of CZ2L, he has been carrying on each winter two-way private commercial radio communication with the Government Radio Station at Coppermine.

In the summer of 1934, while Mr. Sturrock was heading north to the Western Arctic, I sailed north to the Eastern Arctic on R.M.S. *Nascopie* as second radio operator. That trip was sufficient to show what vast distances lay between posts, and their utter isolation between visits from the *Nascopie*.

In the spring of 1935, I was once more preparing to go north on the *Nascopie* as chief radio operator, and the Company made arrangements whereby a small experimental radio transmitter would be supplied in

Windmill power generator for Station CZ5H, Arctic Bay, Radio Operator Horner and Ship's Carpenter James.

order that experiments might be carried out during the summer between posts in the Eastern Arctic and the ship. These experiments gave much valuable information and data about the possibilities of carrying on short wave two-way radio between the posts, and as a result the Company arranged for a supply of a certain number of small transmitters for experiments in the Eastern Arctic during the summer of 1936.

During the winter of 1936-37, the accumulation of these two years' experiments were developed from the technical end, and the idea as a whole gone into thoroughly by the Fur Trade Commissioner. The result was the establishment of a number of short wave two-way radio stations at various posts, which, in the event of their proving successful, were to be the basis of the Fur Trade's Private Commercial Radio Communication System.

This decision immediately brought up a hundred and one difficulties, both from the technical viewpoint and that of the Fur Trade.

Since this article is in no way technical, only a few of these difficulties will be mentioned. The source of power, the type, and size and cost of the station had to be considered. Then again, the question of personnel to operate these stations, since Company men in the north are essentially fur traders and not radio operators. With the ever ready co-operation of the Department of Transport, Ottawa, it was finally decided that four stations could be established in the Eastern Arctic during the summer of 1937.

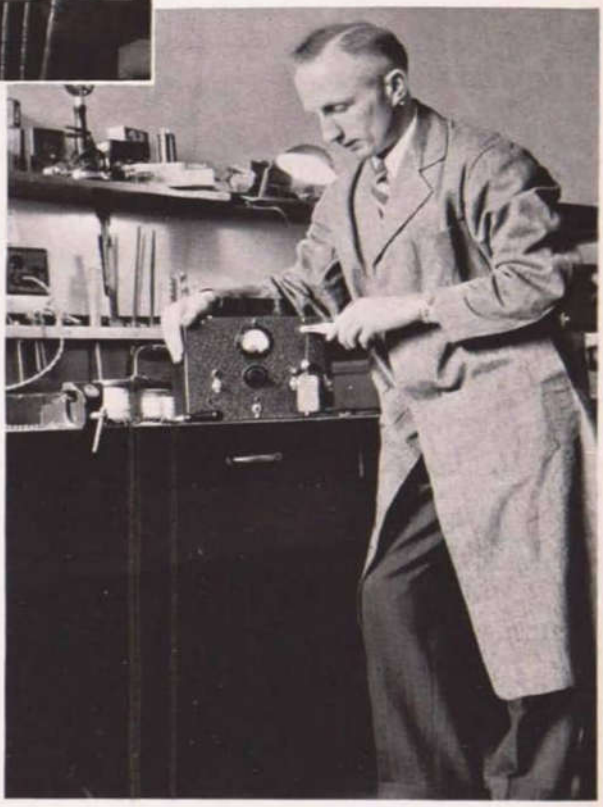
The first Company men to be trained for this work were C. Russell, B. Calder and G. Webster, all attached to Ungava District, and the fourth was M. Albhaum, a new apprentice from the lately formed Winnipeg Training School. All these men received a specialized concentrated course prior to the sailing of the *Nascopie* from Montreal in July. When she left Montreal early in July, the *Nascopie* carried four complete short wave radio stations as the basis of the Fur Trade's Radio Communication System.

The first of these four stations was at Cape Dorset, Baffinland. Tests were run successfully between there and the controlling Government Radio Station on Nottingham Island, before this station, known officially as CZ4T, was handed over to Chesley Russell, with all good wishes for a successful year. However, CZ4T was destined to pass through one more phase before it became a successful station in the system being developed. Two weeks of continuous static and bad receiving conditions caused failure of CZ4T signals to "get out," and Chesley Russell thought the transmitter was at fault. So the transmitter unit was brought by him, in a Peterhead boat, all the way across the Hudson Straits to Wolstenholme. There the *Nascopie* was due to call when outward bound from the Hudson Bay. When the ship arrived at Wolstenholme and I examined the transmitter unit, it was found to be in the exact calibration as when left at Cape Dorset, not even the rough means of transport having upset the calibration. It was taken back to Cape Dorset by the same frail craft as it had come in, and from then on, August 29th, 1937, CZ4T has never been off the air, and much Company business has been transacted via this station during the winter.

The next station to be erected was CZ4Y at Cape Smith, and it was left working perfectly in charge of G. Webster, and from that day, July 30, 1937, to the present time it has kept regular schedules and handled

Apprentices of Fur Trade Training School practice sending and receiving code.

"Sparks" Horner adjusts a new transmitter before sending it north.



all Company business for the Cape Smith Post and other Company posts on the east coast of Hudson Bay.

Before the next station could be erected, the ship went far north of the Arctic Circle, to Arctic Bay in Lat. 74 degrees 10 mins. North. Here CZ5H (Arctic Bay) was erected, and it has many claims to make it the "publicity station" of the up and coming short wave radio communication system of the Fur Trade. It is the most northerly radio station in the British Empire, and it is the most northerly meteorological observing station in the North American Continent. This last sentence calls for a slight digression.

As some bright person once remarked, "We will have weather whether or not." This is quite true, but it does not bring home the fact that weather has never been so important a factor as it is today with the rapid growth of trans-ocean flying, and trans-Canada flying, and the expansion of flying in the north, and also with the possibility of commercial flying over the North Pole. Without being a scientist, the best the average person can make of the complicated theory of weather prediction is that it seems that low and high pressure areas, storms, and winds originate at or near the North Pole. These conditions are supposed to have a controlling effect on the weather conditions in the Northern Hemisphere. Well, there is the answer as to why Arctic Bay is a famous weather station. It is not very far from the North Pole, and it is the nearest point to the Pole for a radio station to be constructed in Canada. So the Dominion Meteorological Service of Canada, after consulting with the Fur Trade Commissioner, made arrangements for the training in weather observing of M. Albhaum (the apprentice who was going to the radio station at Arctic Bay) and gave him a complete weather observing station to set up at Arctic Bay. The result, CZ5H (Arctic Bay), when I waved goodbye from the decks of the *Nascopie* last August 29, was not only a going concern in the Fur Trade's Radio Communication System, but was also a meteorological station. Since then, twice daily CZ5H has flashed weather messages, via the Government Station on Nottingham Island, to Toronto, to play an important part in the daily weather map and forecasts.

However, the Company's business is also handled efficiently and on time by CZ5H. Regularly on the first day of each month, the monthly returns are waiting for the district manager on his desk in Hudson's Bay House, Winnipeg. For efficiency, this has many of the "Line" Posts of the Fur Trade beaten in prompt monthly returns to head office.

While I was establishing CZ5H, another station in the system was being established at Repulse Bay, under the direction of District Manager W. E. Brown. This station had not been contemplated earlier in the summer, but after the *Nascopie* had called at Port Churchill, it was decided that a small transmitter Mr. Brown had been experimenting with from the Company's schooner M.V. *Fort Severn*, would be erected at Repulse Bay. The call sign of this station is CZ7R, and like the other basic units of the system, has been operating one hundred percent ever since.

One other station was still to be heard from before the basis of the short wave radio system of the Fur

Trade was complete. This was Leaf River, CZ5R. Due to its location and other circumstances, it was impossible to install this station, so in the short time that Mr. Calder was under tuition in Montreal, it was necessary to teach him enough basic principles for him to try installing the radio station at Leaf River himself.

During August and until September 22, when the *Nascopie* arrived back at Burwell on her way south, no word of CZ5R had been heard. The silence was explained in a letter from B. Calder returning the transmitter and saying he could not get it to work. The unit was checked, a new set of instructions made out, and both returned to Leaf River. On November 1, the first official message from this station was received by the district manager in Winnipeg, and since then CZ5R has regularly been on the air, and much important Company business handled through it. Great credit is due Mr. Calder who, with his very limited training, succeeded in getting this station working efficiently.

One more station completes the nucleus of the Fur Trade communication system. This is Cambridge Bay in the Western Arctic, where the Company obtained a private commercial license for the operation of a small experimental set under the charge of Mr. Milne.

Thus as the winter months of 1937-38 went by, the Fur Trade had seven basic stations working efficiently, justifying the experiment in modern communication, and forming a basis on which to build up a two-way short wave radio communication system.

During the winter months in Hudson's Bay House, plans were made for at least twenty-one more stations to go into operation during the coming summer, and all the present experimental and obsolete transmitters are to be replaced by the standard type of station being installed by the Company. The result of this decision meant much technical work, organizing, and training of men. The latter point included the training of new apprentices in the Winnipeg Training School, and also of men who were out on furlough from the various districts, and came to Hudson's Bay House for a refresher course in other subjects. Again the "weather" business was taken up with the Dominion Meteorological Service, and arrangements made for a complete weather observing station at Hudson's Bay House. Instruction in this was given to the various men in training by a Dominion Government Meteorologist.

When the summer of 1938 is over, the Fur Trade's short wave radio communication system will consist of from twenty-five to thirty stations, stretching from Pangnirtung, Baffinland, in 65 degrees West, to Tuktuk in 134 degrees West; and from Arctic Bay in 74 degrees 10 mins. North and Walker Bay in 71 degrees North to Little Grand Rapids in southern Manitoba and Trout Lake in Ontario. Many of these twenty-five to thirty stations will be important links in the Dominion Meteorological Service, some like Walker Bay, Arctic Bay, Fort Ross and Fort McKenzie being key positions for weather observing.

Many points, of course, that urgently require radio stations, will not be included in this season's programme, due to such things as personnel, lack of time and equipment, but these points will eventually be included as and when the system can be extended.

A course in the science of meteorology before Apprentice Walker goes to Stanley Post, Saskatchewan District, to establish a short wave radio station this summer.

Hudson's Bay Company.

INCORPORATED 2ND MAY 1670

RADIOGRAM

PRIVATE COMMERCIAL

PREFIX	WORDS	OFFICE OF ORIGIN	DATE	TIME
NL	49	HBC ARCTIC BAY NWT VIA CHURCHILL	30/11/37	

TO:— MANAGER UNGAVA DISTRICT HUDSON'S BAY HOUSE WINNIPEG MAN

FROM:—

NOVEMBER RETURNS U FORTY ONE LINE ONE THREE THOUSAND EIGHTY FIVE LINE TWO TWO THOUSAND SEVEN HUNDRED FIFTY EIGHT LINE THREE TWENTY THREE THOUSAND FOUR HUNDRED SIXTY SIX LINE FOUR ONE HUNDRED FIFTY NINE LINE FIVE TWO HUNDRED FORTY NINE LINE SIX TEN THOUSAND SIX HUNDRED SIXTY SIX

A SCOTT

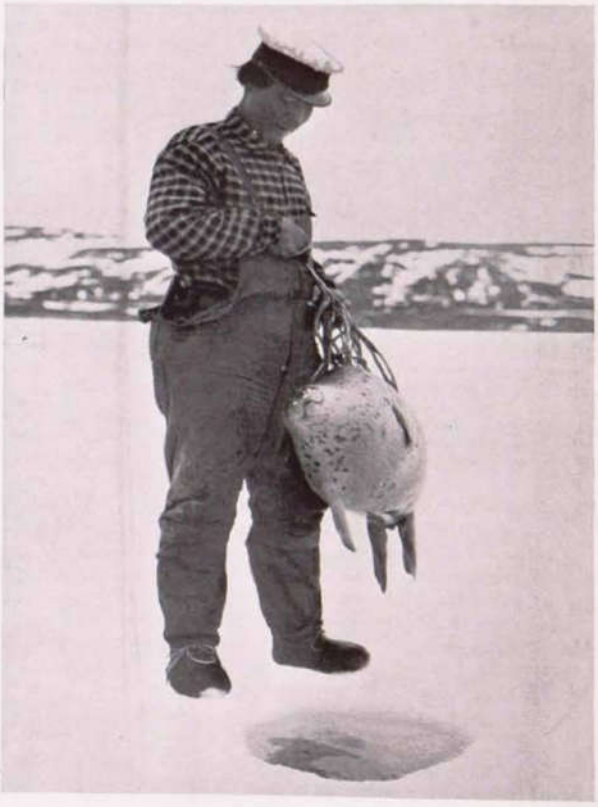
Early message in code from CZ5H, Arctic Bay. Radio posts send returns to Hudson's Bay House, Winnipeg, the last day of each month.

The Seal Hunter

KADJUK, whose igloo dwelling is on Repulse Bay, is practising an art as old as his race, and with that ancient of weapons, the harpoon. To the Eskimo, the seal from prehistoric days has been a prime necessary of life—food for his family; oil for the lamps and for fuel; skin for clothing, parka, mukluk and kayak; sinew and hide for thread.

Kadjuk watches by the seal's breathing hole in the ice floe. There is primitive beauty in his weapon: shaft of driftwood polished smooth, ivory tipped with walrus tusk; a detachable slim foreshaft from the same ivory, and the barb of iron fitted into ivory at the end of a long hide or sinew line. (One harpoon in the Company's historical exhibit is so old the ivory is dark brown. Its barb is of slate.) The harpoon is like a collapsible javelin, and marked an advance on the sling and the bow and arrow.

Kadjuk has poised himself and thrown his harpoon. The barbed point penetrates the seal, at the same time detaching itself from the ivory foreshaft and unwinding the line which pays itself out from the light shaft. The quarry tries to swim away, but the weight of the ivory foreshaft and tips makes the harpoon float vertically and so become a drag. Kadjuk reels in the line, tidily coils it between walrus-tooth pegs set in the shaft, and takes home his dinner. Pictures by H. Voisey.



Titania
Queen of the Clippers

By L. R. W. BEAVIS
Master Mariner

ON a blustery autumn day in 1888 at Port Moody I became second mate of the famous tea clipper *Titania*. The little ship was surging at her moorings when I saw her, and Captain Dunn stood on the wharf talking to the boss stevedore. I gave him a letter from Captain Jordan of the *Wellington*, and he told me to follow him on board the *Titania*. Inside the cabin, he looked over my papers and asked many questions, though it was Jordan's letter made him decide to engage me.

The *Titania* had been built in 1866, and purchased by the Hudson's Bay Company in 1886. In Captain Shewan's reminiscences he said he considered the *Titania* the fastest ship afloat except for the *Ariel*. After the *Titania* he placed the *Thermopylae*, *Cutty Sark*, *Spindrift*, and *Leander*, "and very little to choose between any of them." The *Titania* had been twice cut down aloft and was now rigged as a barque. Captain cautioned me she was very different from an iron ship. He introduced the mate, an elderly Scot, thickset, with a red beard; a superb seaman who also liked his wee drap.

The *Titania* was loading at Port Moody a mixed cargo for London, and sailed from there in tow September 28, 1888. We called at Victoria for our crew. Victoria was a very lovely place. We were ready for sea and left in tow on October 3. I remember it was a beautiful day, and the crowd on the dock to see us off. The little tug came with us a short distance clear of Brotchie Ledge. The wind was easterly, increasing bit by bit. Now we gave her the muslin. At once I felt the mate's ability, and was stung to emulation and wanted to show myself worthy of these consummate seamen.

There was no such thing as steam in the *Titania*, but our virile man power soon had the topsails mastheaded, and before many minutes the little beauty had every rag flaunting to the October wind. Now she started to fleck the foam and to reel off the knots. The waters of the Straits of Juan de Fuca are generally smooth with an easterly wind, and our little clipper was moving fast. From Brotchie Ledge to Cape Flattery is about eighty nautical miles and we passed out from Flattery in the early morning of October 4. The wind by that time had increased into a hard gale from the southeast with a falling glass; dirty, ominous looking weather, and a rising sea.

This was my first introduction to a China tea clipper and the little beauty was a wonder, an awe-inspiring sight to me, under reefed upper topsails, reefed foresail and mizzen staysail. The mainsail being furled, she tore out to sea determined to get an offing, standing off to the southwest close hauled on the port tack, slashing into the rapidly making sea. She was being heavily pressed by Captain Dunn, and it was as much as I could do to keep my feet, especially as I had been used to much larger and iron ships. She was as lively as a cricket and very wet, yet not with heavy water. Captain Dunn was not the man to let the grass grow under foot, and he kept the *Titania* going all that night when most other men would have snugged her down. Towards six the next morning the wind shifted to the westward, and we wore ship, in a blinding rain squall, to the southward. Gradually the wind hauled to the northwest and then the *Titania* began to show her paces like a thoroughbred, kicking her heels up in disdain and dashing off as if to say, "Catch me if you can." In a very short time, it was out reefs and the fore and main and gallantsails on her. By noon all plain sail was set. How she tore through it, lifting her head and throwing a shower of spray as she shouldered the old southeast sea making no fuss about it, like the little lady she was, revelling in it and playful. I had been in fast iron ships before, but never had I seen her equal. Dainty as her namesake, she was a thing to conjure with.

Captain Dunn eyed me, and smiled. "Could your iron ships keep up with her, eh?"

This slant held right into the northeast trades and fine weather. Our crew turned out to be a very fair crowd, mostly Britishers and sailor-men. The cook or doctor, as he was called, was a good natured, smiling negro from Barbados. "No, no; Greenock, suh," and he would roll his eyes. In those days most coloured seamen hailed from Greenock on the Clyde. He served good hash and the pea soup could not be equalled. He kept the crowd contented.

The northeast trades were strong and fair and we rapidly drew to the southward. We were now in the

track of the grain ships from Portland, Oregon, and San Francisco. But always she would pick them up ahead and then leave them hull down astern. We sighted Ducie Island, a mere coral atoll not far from Pitcairn Island, and on it the remains of a wreck. Pitcairn was passed during the night, so we did not see the descendants of the mutineers of the *Bounty*.

In these latitudes we shifted our light or fine weather canvas for our best or heavy weather sails. This was an all hand job; both watches on deck from 8 a.m. until we had all our muslin changed. It was almost calm, so the mate's watch took the fore and my watch the main. We were all through by supper-time, and the skipper, to show his approval, gave the welcome signal of "Grog Oh." We now made all snug about the decks, extra lashings on spars, boats, and life-lines along the decks. Although the *Titania* was wet, she never took the heavy water aboard that iron ships did, or she would soon have been without bulwarks.

We rounded the Horn November 28, just fifty-five days out from Flattery. Midsummer down here and lots of daylight, but blowing hard from the westward. Now the *Titania* had a habit of dishing the water up on her lee counter when running heavily and had to be watched carefully. She had been built by Steele on the Clyde, who was responsible for those creations of naval architecture, the *Ariel* and *Sir Lancelot*, noted for their beautiful lines and especially fine counters. We passed a number of outward bounders head reaching under lower topsails, whilst we fled before the ever freshening gale under t'gallant sails and foresail, sometimes flaunting our main royal.

Soon we were in fine weather again, and what with rattling down, painting aloft, cleaning bright work and holystoning decks, had our little ship spic and span. On the equator we tried conclusions with several homeward bound ships from Australia and New Zealand. In the light winds nothing could touch the *Titania*. How she would ghost along with the flap of her sails never losing steerage way, and you could carry a lighted candle along her decks. It was always a case of a ship ahead, say at daybreak, alongside her by noon, and dropping her astern below the horizon before dark. One day we overhauled the *Thyatira*, Aberdeen White Star clipper and with no mean reputation, but she was not in it with our ship. Although they must have been much relieved when they discovered we were the renowned *Titania*; it was not so bad to be beaten by a tea clipper, even if she was cut down.

We arrived in soundings January 16, 1889, in very dirty weather, and passed the Lizard the same day, just 104 days from Flattery, or land to land. Anchored off Gravesend January 19, and docked the same day in the West India dock.

My people were not expecting me for weeks, having no idea of the speed of a tea clipper. Captain Dunn asked me to stay on, so I was by the ship all the time in London. The *Mermerus*, a celebrated Australian wool clipper, was in a berth close to us.

On March 8 we left on the fourth outward voyage of the *Titania* for the Hudson's Bay Company, bound for the first time for Vancouver, B.C. Generally the Governor or the Deputy Governor and some of the staff of the Company came down to see the ship away. Quite a little ceremony, as they watched her pass into the river and murk. Vancouver was now incorporated as a city, although as yet, if you signalled another ship we still said Burrard Inlet, Vancouver not being in the code book.

We anchored off Gravesend and took in powder, and one sailor from the strawhouse (Sailor's Home) as it was called. One sailor had missed his passage, and the Sailor's Home at Gravesend always had several on hand. We were held up by bad weather and did not get away until March 12. Then head winds were encountered in the Channel and we did not pass the Start until March 16. After getting across the Bay of Biscay we made good progress and made up for lost time. In the Bay we lost one man by falling from aloft—our poor sailor from the strawhouse. We buried him, wrapped in the ensign, the mainyard aback, the ship pitching into the head sea and the ship's bell tolling forrard.

Titania, fully rigged.

The captain read the service and all hands gathered around, and at the words, "committed to the deep," the grating was tipped and poor Jack returned to his native sea. We were hardly finished when the mate called lee main brace and down maintack, and the clipper plunged on her way.

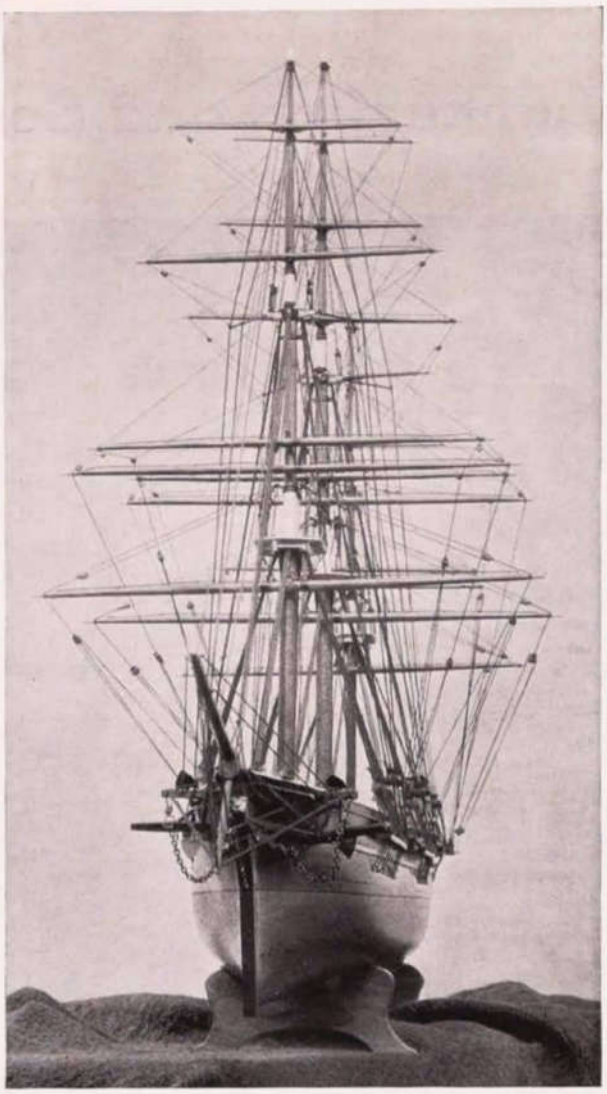
Crossing the equator far to the westward, the *Titania* was jammed hard down on the Brazilian coast, but she managed to scrape clear without making a tack. Sighted Martin Vas Islets, on whose lonely shores lie the bones of the China clipper *Flying Spur*, one time aspirant against *Titania* fame. Then, south to Staten Island, and dashing through the Straits of Le Maire, the *Titania* slipped around the Horn and was soon westward of the Diego Ramirez Islands. With the first of a southerly gale she flew away north.

Off Cape Flattery on July 9, 105 days from land to land, we arrived at Victoria July 11 and discharged cargo for the Hudson's Bay Company. From there we went on to Vancouver in tow and arrived there July 25 to discharge the first through cargo from London. And it came in a wind ship—a renowned little ship—from England around the Horn, without putting in anywhere, in the record time of 105 days from land to land. All available space not required by the Hudson's Bay Company had been taken up by Bell-Irving & Patterson. We docked at their little wharf, which now forms part of the C.P.R. dock west of the Union Steamship dock. The cargo amounted to some 800 tons and consisted chiefly of pipes, cement, fire bricks, hardware, liquors and general merchandise.

Captain J. L. Dunn was well known in most ports. He was a very well read man, a good host, a keen business man, and a successful shipmaster. Dandy Dunn had many friends, and his death caused profound sorrow. It happened the voyage after I left him in October, 1890, while the *Titania* was at Bell-Irving & Patterson's wharf at New Westminster. Captain Dunn accidentally stepped off the dock whilst boarding his ship at night and was killed through his head striking a log or pile. He is buried in the cemetery at New Westminster. Dunn taught me most of what I knew of sailoring.

After discharging in Vancouver, which in 1936 celebrated its fiftieth birthday with a population of over 300,000, we towed around to Steveston at the mouth of the Fraser River. There we loaded a mixed cargo, mostly salmon, for London. Steveston was not to be compared with Vancouver, even in those days, and Vancouver was then pretty rough and tumble. New Westminster was the place we sailor-men liked and where we used to spend our money.

Having completed loading all but a few tons we were to pick up at Victoria, we left Steveston in tow September 28, and going through Active Pass reached Victoria the same day. Bending our sails, we left Victoria October 3, and towed most of the way down the Straits of Juan de Fuca, in very fine weather for a change. This remarkable weather continued close down to the Horn, when we got strong, fair gales. Off the Diego Ramirez we spoke to the *Lady Head*, a barque belonging to the Hudson's Bay Company. She was under lower topsails and nosing into a westerly gale, while we tore past under a main t'gallant sail. Soon both ships were lost to sight in the murk. The *Lady Head* was renowned for her slowness. In the southeast trades we fell in with the *Mermerus*, our old friend of the docks at London. Smart ship as she was, the *Titania* was too much for her and we dropped her below the horizon astern. We arrived on soundings in very wild weather January 12, 1890, and picked up the Bishop Rock lighthouse in a howling southwest gale exactly one hundred days from land to land. We arrived in London River and docked the same day in West India docks on January 15, 104 days from Victoria.



Model of Titania in Company's Historical Exhibit in Winnipeg.

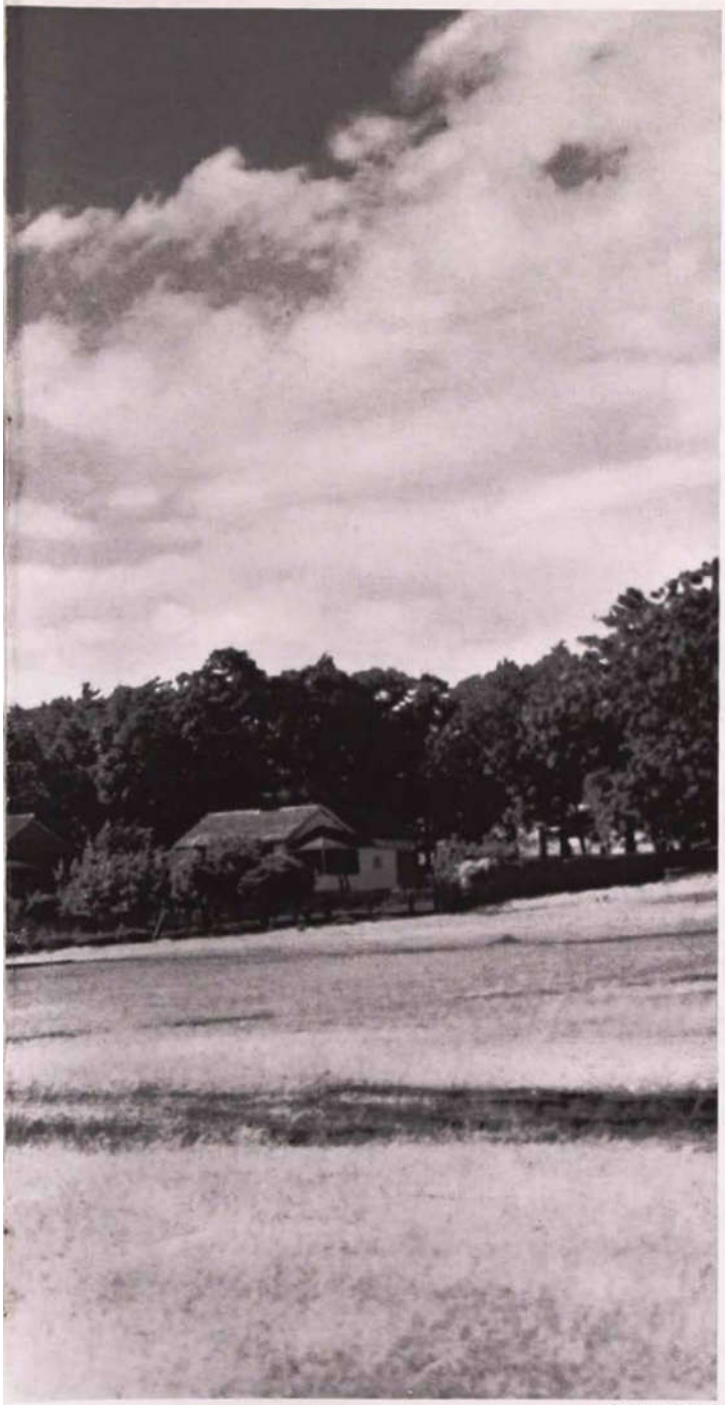
The *Titania's* times have never been beaten. They stand for all time. And it must be remembered that when the Hudson's Bay Company owned her she was over twenty-two years old and had been twice cut down. If she had been rigged as she was in her heyday and with as numerous a crew, these wonderful passages would have been even better.

The following day I said goodbye, not without regret to my skipper and friend, and looked my last on a most wonderful little ship, as dainty, as fairy-like as her namesake.

Larks Sing and Soar at Uplands, Victoria

By ROBERT CONNELL

On the Old North Dairy Farm, one of the Hudson's Bay Company's first farms outside Fort Victoria.



W. N. WELLS

AMONG the farms established by the Hudson's Bay Company near old Fort Camosun, now Victoria, none was so charmingly situated as the Uplands Farm. With a long irregular sea frontage on and about Cadboro Bay, Uplands had woods of maple and sloping glades of oak where cattle found rich pasturage. Higher up, the fir forest was partly cleared for arable land. Beyond, still remains a broad belt of sombre balsam fir where the snowy trilliums bloom earliest in the spring. To the east rises Mount Baker with its flanking crests, and in the southeast massive Mount Rainier looms beyond the entrance to Puget Sound. To the northeast over the lowland lying west of Pemberton Heights lies historic San Juan Island and a glimpse of Haro Strait. Southward the eastern portion of the Olympic Mountains extends itself as an almost unbroken wall, with the Straits of Juan de Fuca apparently washing its base.

Today, no trace of the old farm remains except the cultivated fields, but the road that crosses it to the west, long known as the Cedar Hill Cross-road, follows in the main the farm path through the forest from Lake Hill Farm to Uplands Farm. It calls back a day when the wolf roamed these hillsides and woodlands, and when elk came down to the shores of the straits in winter; when the Indian village of Cadboro Bay was still flourishing and the old trench above the shore-line at the southeast corner of the bay, now half hidden in thickets of wild rose and blackberry, protected many a sturdy canoe from possible enemies. That forgotten trench and sundry piles of boulders marking old burial places are all that remain of the once powerful Cadboro aborigines.

By the side of the road a man stands gazing intently into the sky. Inevitably a passing motorist stops and, head out of window, tries to see the object of the other's curiosity. Perceiving nothing, he gets out. Detached from his car's activity and sound, he becomes aware of a bird's song coming from above, a song without pause, a veritable vocal cascade. Suddenly he too sees something, a speck that grows larger and larger until at once the song ceases and the bird drops sheer towards the ground, stopping just above it and flying off horizontally to disappear in the grass.

"What bird is that?" the motorist asks.

"An English skylark."

"Do you mean the bird we used to read about at school—'Hail to thee, blithe Spirit! Bird thou never wert'?"

"The very same. Wordsworth has some better lines:

"'Up with me, up with me into the clouds!
For thy song, lark, is strong;
Up with me, up with me into the clouds!
Singing, singing,
With clouds and sky about thee ringing,
Lift me, guide me, till I find
That spot that seems so to thy mind!'"

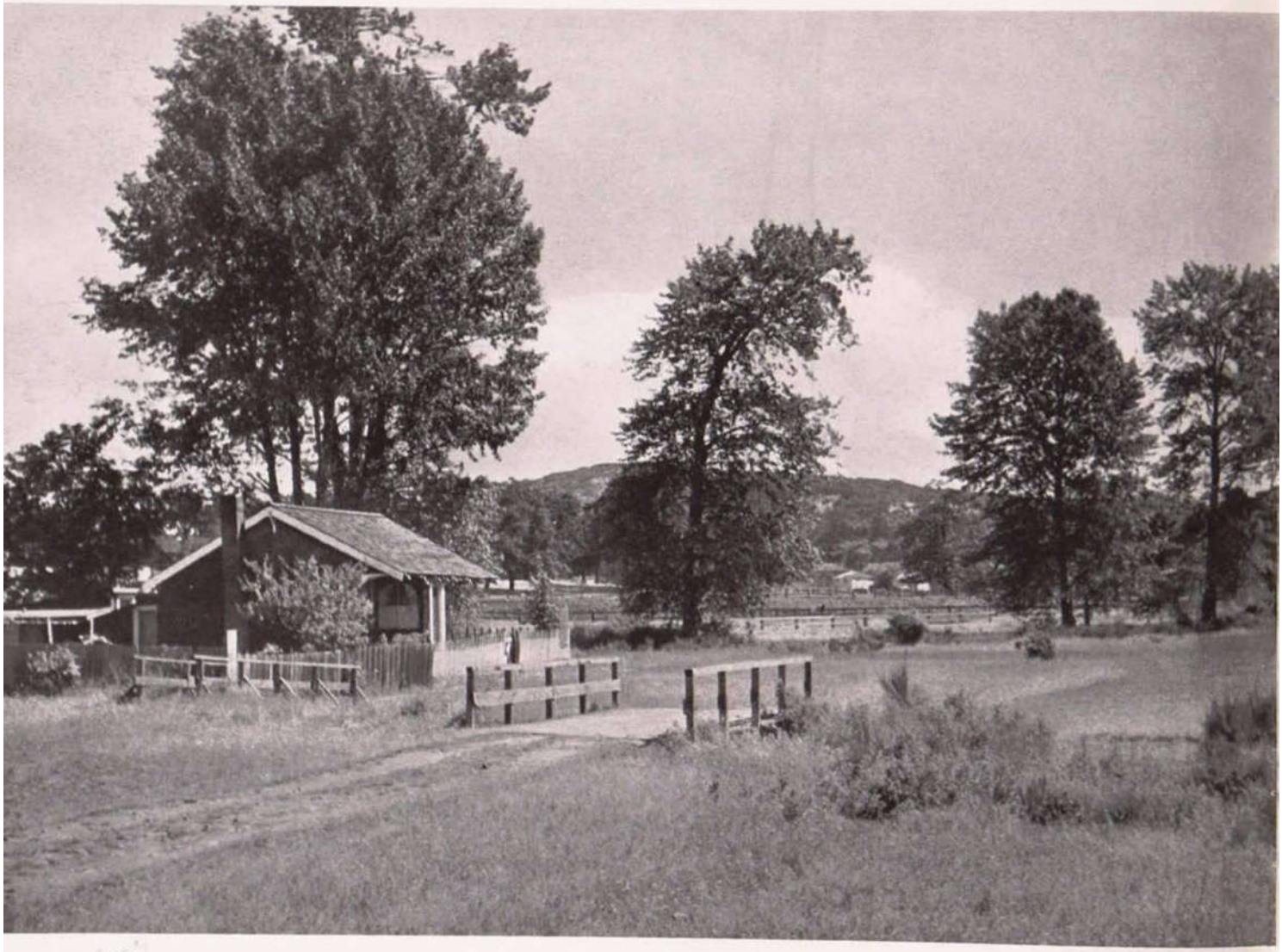
The motorist looks a little embarrassed, as men are apt to do when poetry is quoted. Before he can reply another bird rises quite close to them, and he sees the first long sweeping curves of the great spiral by which the lark soars steadily to a height of three or four hundred feet. All the time the flood of song continues without intermission, vehement and ever varying, matched only by the ceaseless beating of the wings. The last upward swing passes into the triumphal circle which perhaps Shakespeare had in mind when he

wrote, "Hark, hark! the lark at Heaven's gate sings." Then begins the downward flight.

"Well, well," says the motorist, "I've seen many sights and some queer birds, but never anything like that. What puzzles me is how his engine stands it! I must bring my folks out here. What's the best time to hear them sing?"

"Any time except in very windy stormy weather. They are singing and soaring before the sun is up and keep on till darkness falls. They sing all the year except when they are moulting, but best of all in the mating season. Last December I watched their courtship flight in a field a mile or so from here. There in the afternoon the birds were flying low, a few feet above the ground, chasing each other in sharp spurts of flight with quick turns. Every now and then the males rose a few feet higher and hovered on fluttering wings above their mates. As they hovered they sang; the winter air was filled with the sweetness and their notes could be heard above the noises of a city's outskirts. As for places, you can see and hear them anywhere in these open fields and hillsides down to the very edge of the rocky coast. They do not fear the busy traffic of the roads, and even where cars are streaming past on a Sunday or holiday they will rise to soar and sing within a few yards of the thoroughfare."

How came the skylarks to Uplands? The answer is a story that illustrates the subtler ties that bind together the peoples of British blood. Years ago skylarks were brought to Virginia and to Long Island, but the experiment was unsuccessful. Probably the same idea was in the minds of those responsible for the American experiments as in those of the more fortunate Victoria adventurers. In far away Australia larks have been introduced near Sydney, N.S.W., with success. There, too, the common idea must have been fundamental.



The skylark is not only a bird that has made its mark in literature. It is one of the most familiar birds of the British Isles, nesting everywhere in fields and on moors. The memory of its song and heaven-seeking flight haunts the nature-loving Briton in every country of his sojourn, and the literature of his language keeps the memory alive in those who have never seen the British landscape. The Briton loves old associations. It is part of his innate conservatism. On Vancouver Island he finds much to remind him of the Old Land, but he misses the wealth of bird song that marks wild nature over there.

So some thirty-five years ago the Natural History Society of Victoria made a bold experiment and ordered from a dealer in birds two hundred skylarks and other British songsters. They were duly liberated on their arrival, but only the larks survived. Ten years later another consignment arrived, with like results.

The larks have now become thoroughly acclimatized enjoying the mild winters and scanty snowfall. Among the old fields with their scattered oaks not unlike those of Great Britain, and with the broom and gorse to enhance still further the associations with the homeland, Victorians can enjoy a pleasure known nowhere else in the Americas. Every year travellers from other parts come to see and hear the skylarks.

The skylark is a little less than eight inches long, a light brown bird with a slight crest. Between the crown and cheeks, both of which are a darker shade than the general colour, is a light streak running over the eye. The pale breast is spotted and streaked, and the legs reddish brown. When the bird rises from the ground the white outer tail-feathers show distinctly.

Perhaps the finest descriptive poem about the skylark is George Meredith's "The Lark Ascending," which begins:

Garry Oaks and Grassland on the Uplands Farm, Cadboro Bay, Victoria.

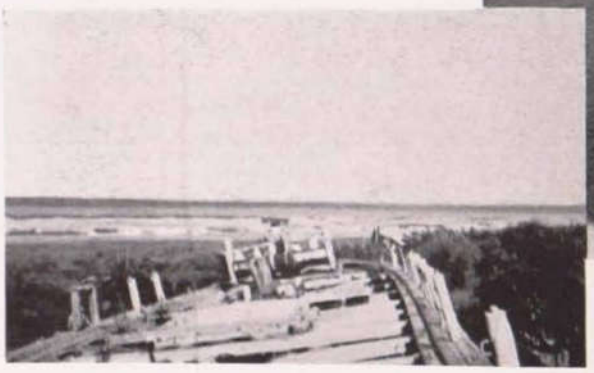
On the Old North Dairy Farm with Mount Tolmie in the distance. Over the mountain lies the Uplands Farm.

"He rises and begins to round,
He drops the chain of silver sound
Of many links without a break,
In chirrup, whistle, slur and shake,
All intervolved and spreading wide."

Rupert's March of Time

By MAUD WATT

Today's Sanctuary was
the First Fort on the Bay



"Upon a simmer Sunday morn,
When nature's face is fair,
I walked forth to view the corn
And snuff the caller air.
The Rising Sun ower Galston muirs
Wi glorious light was glinting;
The hares were hirplin down the furs
The lavrocks, they were chantin'
Fu sweet that day."

THERE is no corn at Rupert's House, though plenty caller air, yet somehow Burns's poem describes well a fall day at the old post, one of those Indian summer days, geese flying overhead, Indian children honking and in the evening the sun going down over Poplar Point.

Usually I had a fishing camp near the wreck of the old *Mink*, and if we did not stay overnight, would walk down, often with old Mrs. Morrison, overhaul the nets, clean and salt the fish, picnic by the fire and listen to Mrs. Morrison's tales of long ago. Sometimes I would go alone and dream of early days in the Company's history.

Time has dealt gently with Rupert's House. The ancient river, Poplar Point, salt water marshes and dark pine forests have changed not at all since Henry Hudson wintered in the Bay three hundred years ago. For a thousand years, more or less, the Indians, down on the coast for the goose hunt, must have camped on the present post site, and at night camp fires would gleam and flicker just as they do today. Indian braves would paddle home their birch-bark canoes laden with geese; the squaws, dressed in deerskin robes, would be, like Martha of old, "cumbered with many things." Later in the evening the Indian lads and lasses would rendezvous on Lover's Lane, the path along Boat Creek beaten hard by generations of moccasined feet. Light springing feet of youths and maidens would make little impression on the tough bushes of Indian Tea. The same path is used by squaws carrying heavy loads of wood on their backs and the same feet that tripped along so lightly made many a weary trip as the years rolled on.

Imagine the excitement when news came that white men with a great ship were wintering in the Bay. How many Indians visited Henry Hudson and his crew that long winter? The squaws, young and old, would peer at the white men from behind bushes, and the tales would travel far, the moccasin wireless working overtime.

Picture the greatest event of all, the arrival of the *Nonsuch*. The ship anchors off the mouth of Rupert River. Captain Gillam and Groseilliers row ashore, perhaps sounding the crooked channel as they come. One of the white men speaks Indian. Then follow days of excitement; the ship enters the river, drops anchor opposite the present post; buildings are erected, goods unloaded, a safe place is found to winter the ship. A trading post is established, the first in the Bay. Radisson will not arrive for many a day, but Mr. "Gooseberry" is equal to all emergencies. What tales he tells the listening Indians; some of the cargo is opened; guns, axes, knives, powder, shot, flints, needles and beads are shown. Now the moccasin wireless really goes into action. A new era dawns.

Two years pass. Three vessels arrive in the Bay—*Wavero*, *Shaftesbury Pink* and *Prince Rupert*. Our old friend Gillam commands the *Prince Rupert*. Gillam is first of a long line of splendid seamen who have commanded the Company's ships for two hundred and sixty-eight years. With Gillam comes the first Governor, Charles Bayly, Mr. "Gooseberry," and Radisson, Pierre Esprit Radisson. I always picture Bayly as a hard-drinking, pig-headed individual, jealous of his authority and difficult, but undoubtedly courageous in a bull-headed way. I can see Bayly seated by a roaring fire in the new log fort with his companions, Gorst the secretary and Romulus the surgeon, and cursing the country. Groseilliers must have been quite different. He was as courageous as Bayly, but cautious and

Above left: The old "Mink" in Rupert's River before canvas canoes had taken the place of birch-bark.

Lower left: High and dry among bushes lies the wrecked barquentine "Mink."

Centre: Rupert's House from the air.

Below: Natives no longer bring brigades from interior posts, and the only Indians now camping at Rupert's are families of Beaver Sanctuary game wardens.

tactful, a born Indian trader. So far as we know there was little or no friction between him and Bayly during the long winter. One can imagine Groseilliers returning from a trip, his Indian bush-runners loaded with furs, and Governor Bayly with his fiery red face coming out to welcome him, honestly glad to see old "Gooseberry" back again.

Another two years roll by and bring a different scene. A crowd of Indians on the beach watches a small canoe coming down from the portage. Manteos! Manteos! Strangers these to James Bay. The canoe nears the landing, the crowd falls silent; the canoe runs up on the beach, and out steps "a little ould man," the Jesuit Albanel. Poor old man, a chilly welcome awaits him at the fort after his long hard trip from Quebec. Like Brébeuf and his comrades, he is prepared to face torture and death, but this chilly welcome daunts him just a little.

Time brings yet another picture to this scene: a small company of men dressed in capots with long-barrelled guns on their shoulders, plunging through the swamps of Cabbage Willows, hauling their canoes along, now up to the waist, now up to the neck in mire and water. Who can this be but young Pierre LeMoyne d'Iberville and his party of bush-rangers on his way to attack Rupert's House. They have already captured Moose Factory. The nominal leader of this party is the old Chevalier de Troyes, who follows in a sailing sloop too slow for the fiery soul of young Pierre, just turned twenty-three. Here my fancy takes me to Longueuil on the St. Lawrence, to the small seignory of Charles LeMoyne and his wife Catherine Primot, of Rouen, and their ten sons. It takes no effort of imagination to picture the family of wild young rascals playing with the Indians, hunting, shooting. Ah Catherine, make the most of your sons the few short years you have them, for soon they will wander, and wander far, most of them never to return. Instead of sleeping peacefully on the green banks of the St. Lawrence, their bones lie scattered from far off Hudson Bay to Havana. What countries they viewed and what deeds they did! Pierre, the greatest of them all. Jean Baptiste, founder of New Orleans and governor of Louisiana. Antoine, governor of French Guiana. Charles, first Baron de Longueuil. I picture Catherine, a stout matronly figure, her hair turned grey, busy as all early Canadian housewives had to be—spinning, probably, and thinking. Thinking of all the bright young faces that used to throng the home; thinking, perhaps, of poor young Louis, killed in the Battle of the Bay, young Louis, just turned eighteen.

Back to Rupert's House again, now named Fort St. Jacques. Bayly and his English serving men have returned to England. From the Indian point of view, Fort St. Jacques is a brighter place than the English Rupert's House. The fort is filled with gay young French-Canadians in red tuques, coloured sashes, beaded leggings, and they all talk Cree. In this brief interlude of French dominion, what gay times, what dancing, what love making. For the Indian girls, time passes all too quickly, but perhaps the young braves and old Papa Indian are glad to see the fleur-de-lis hauled down and the red ensign of old England again flutter from the flagstaff.

Here the procession slows up and fancy grows dim. Who took over Rupert's House from its French masters? The archives are far off, and I am still at Rupert's House seated near the wreck of the old *Mink*. Fancy cannot fill the gap until the nineteenth century brings the Christies, Gladmans, Cloustons, Vincents, Cotters, and the McTavishes, George and Donald.

The Christies lost a small son, buried in the old graveyard early in the century. Old Chief Factor Gladman died at Eastmain in 1820, the year the sloop *Diligent* wintered there. His great-grandchildren are still going strong in the Bay. Of the Cloustons I remember a letter to Sir George Simpson. Sir George wanted to know what maintenance of wives and dependents cost the Company. Mr. Clouston replied in a beautiful copperplate:

"On leaving Rupert's House to take charge of Nitchequan four years ago Mr. Biauly, then in charge,

very handsomely presented my wife with a four-pound loaf, since then they have depended on their fish nets and snares, and have cost the Company nothing."

Chief Factor Vincent built fine houses at Albany and Rupert's. The Vincents inter-married with the Gladmans. One son, Archdeacon Vincent, figured in the early Church of England mission in the Bay.

Chief Factor Cotter's memory is kept alive by his two sons, H. M. S. Cotter, retired in British Columbia, and George Sackville Cotter, of Moosonee.

The first McTavish was George, afterwards an inspecting Chief Factor, chiefly remembered because his boat upset entering the Eastmain river and several men were drowned, including Thomas Chilton the blacksmith. The second McTavish was Donald, and tradition still keeps his memory green. He was succeeded by Alan Nicolson, last of the old-timers, who maintained the traditions of the post for another nineteen years.

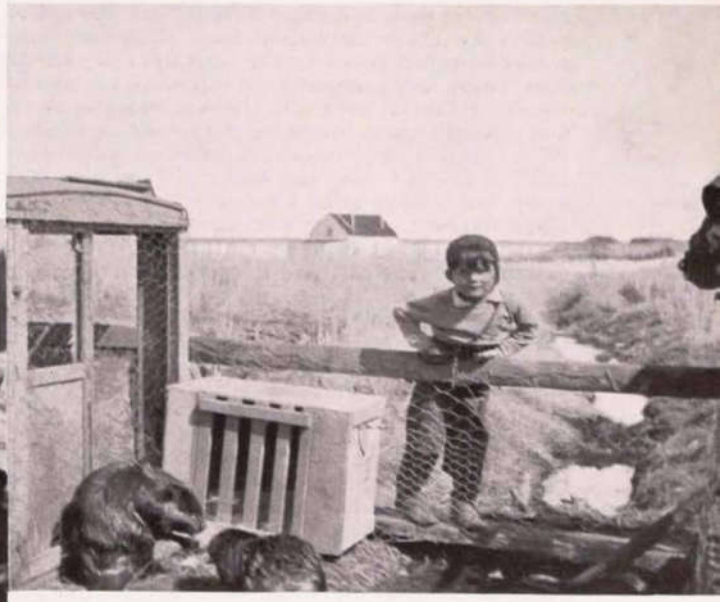
We came in 1920 from Fort Chimo, and found Rupert's House a queer, old-fashioned place. English was spoken with a Scottish accent. The Indians had inter-married with Scots for nearly two hundred years, and may well be what Skipper Neilson calls them, improved Scotsmen. Time seems to have stood still at Rupert's House, and post life in the century had varied little. Besides the clerks, there was a large staff of servants, carpenters, blacksmith, cooper, canoe builders, cattle keepers, labourers. There were sixteen head of cattle and two horses. All the Indians were employed in summer, the able bodied men freighting and the old men and boys haymaking. The post had two hayboats. Hay was cut in the saltwater marsh across the river, boated home, and made in two fields, haymakers marching from one field to the other with their pitchforks on their shoulders.

Rupert's House in those days supplied four inland posts—Nemaska, Neoskweskau, Mistassini and Woswonaby. Special cases were made by the carpenters, and packing commenced early in April. Inland packing was then almost an art. Medicines and glass were wrapped in handkerchiefs. The tiniest cranny would hold a cake of toilet soap.

Freighting began as soon as the Indians arrived early in June. Then the post would come briskly to life. Freight brigades would come and go, the store would be crowded with Indians, men, women, and children. The canoe shed, blacksmith's and carpenter's shops worked overtime. Indian women and girls flitted about in bright or sombre coloured shawls carrying home their purchases in sacks and handkerchiefs. Trading in the store went on all day with fun and laughter. The provision store was a separate building run by the steward. Clerks were too busy to pack heavy groceries like flour and pork. They wrote the order for the provision store to fill.

The great events of the summer would be the arrivals of the supply steamer, the *Inenew*, and the inland post brigades. The steamer was usually sighted by someone on the coast. Then the shout would go up, "Cheman, Cheman, Papio Cheman!" The flag would be run up, and everyone hurried to the river bank until the steamer moored at the wharf. Willing workers unloaded and supplies came ashore as quickly as hoisted out of the hold. After the steamer left, the next great excitement would be opening the new supplies. New patterns in prints, muslins, sweaters, blouses and handkerchiefs.

With the coming of the inland brigades, the rush season began in earnest. The Mistassini brigade and the Woswonaby brigade had special camping places. Feasting and dancing were the order of the day. Although local people were supposed to stay out while the brigades were at the post, the store would be very



Left: Leaving Rupert's House the Mistassini brigade is heavy laden with a year's supplies.

Centre: With a line to men on land, Indians pole an H B C canoe up rapids, while supplies are portaged safely along the shore.

Above: On their way from Rupert's House Sanctuary to Agamiski Island these beavers amuse all comers, and Indian children spend hours watching them.

crowded. In four or five days the brigades were ready to leave. Then the beach came alive again. What loads they stowed in those thirty-foot canoes. Old Solomon Voyager, chief of the Mistassini brigade, prided himself on the biggest loads of all. How the Mistassini canoes ever made the long three-hundred-mile trip loaded as they were, I never could understand. Leave-taking took a long time. The voyagers commenced with the manager, his wife and staff, and then shook hands with everyone else, but at last they got off.

Time would fail to tell all the other activities of the summer—the arrival and departure of the inland Indians, fine old fellows most of them: Big Philip, John Cannishish, and Sam Gull, and their wives were as good as themselves. Then the weddings, and the wedding cakes. I wonder how many wedding cakes I made in seventeen years. The weddings were amusing. The bridegroom would be well dressed and modern looking in a blue serge suit and, what they call in the Bay, English boots. The bride donned a fancy muslin dress, ornamented with bows of ribbon. The amusing part was the hat. The same hat did duty at every wedding, and most of the brides seemed to have trouble keeping it balanced on their heads. After the ceremony the pair strolled around the post hand in hand, and shook hands with everyone. In the evening the fiddles and drums would play dance music all night and the dance hall was crowded with Indians of all ages, from the baby in arms to the oldest inhabitant.

The summer always vanished like a dream, and the fall brought the goose hunt. When the wavies commenced to fly overhead, work practically came to a standstill. The Indians had all departed, and the post staff had a week or ten days of hunting. I don't think the "Happy Hunting Ground" can be much of a place unless there is a goose hunt to look forward to.

New Year was the busiest time. Cakes and buns would be baked ahead by the barrelful, and early on New Year's Day huge kettles of coffee and tea were on the stove. Commencing with the post servants, everyone visits the post house today to wish us a happy New Year and to be regaled, to use the old-fashioned term, with coffee, tea and cakes. No one eats very much, but they all bring a handkerchief to take some home. Women are busy washing dishes and serving tea all day. Early New Year's morning, perhaps as early as three o'clock, and in possibly twenty below zero, a band of Indians armed with guns goes the rounds, accompanied by fiddle and drum, wishing everyone a happy New Year. They commence with the manager's house. First the fiddle and drum play the "White Cockade," then Andrew Moar, who has always been spokesman in our time, shouts, "Mr. and Mrs. Watt, we wish you a happy New Year;" then bang, bang go the guns. No matter how cold, fiddle and drum go the rounds until everyone is visited.

After nearly a century, change came quick and fast. For economic reasons the inland posts were detached from the parent post and their supplies freighted in by easier and cheaper methods. Rupert's House had now to stand on its own feet, and its resources were small. Even before our time the cariboo had disappeared; moose were never plentiful in this part of the country, and beaver were disappearing fast. What a lot I have heard about beaver, mostly from the women lamenting the good old days when beaver were plentiful. Roast beef was never so important to the English as beaver meat to the Indian. Sometimes rabbits, partridge, and fish would be plentiful, but still the old women would lament. One old woman said, "My, my stomach does get ticklish for a bit of beaver meat!"

Beaver are and always have been the Indian's capital. When foxes, marten and other migratory animals were plentiful, the Indian allowed his capital to accumulate. When migratory fur-bearing animals were scarce, he killed sufficient beaver for his needs, but left his capital stock intact. Indians formerly maintained a right to their hunting lands, and actually farmed their beaver. While the Company was the great power in the Indian country, those rights were maintained as far as possible. The Indian rights to his hunting lands were never very secure, and in the old days accounted for tribal wars. In the last two decades hunting ground rights seem to have lapsed entirely, and it is hard to blame the Indian for the extermination of the beaver. Why should he protect beaver, with no legal title to his lands, more especially when he knows the beaver he protects may be killed off by his next door neighbour? I remember an Indian saving a few beaver lodges, and his brother killing them off, and no one could do anything about it.

The day came when traders and Indians awoke to the fact that in the rich James Bay country, beaver had almost vanished. Had the Company been an ordinary business concern, the fiddles and drums would have played the old tune "Bundle and Go." The post would close and my story end here. But in the dark days of the depression Company men took stock of their resources, considered the question from all angles and declared a "new deal." This was a long term of beaver conservation on entirely new lines, with Indians trained to be beaver guardians.

The scene is changed again. The canoe brigades, the haymaking, the "old hat" weddings are things of the past, but at the ancient post things go on much as usual, but with new hopes and new interests. Today, a poster in the store shows progress in conservation, and the results of the year's beaver survey are of as much interest to the Indian as stock market reports to many people outside. The "Beaver Feast" is the great event of the year. The district manager's speech is read and the year's progress reported. The fiddles and drums beat and throb merrily as they did in days of old, and until dawn ushers in another day the dancing and fun is fast and furious.

Today Charlton Island is also a beaver reserve, and Agamiski Island has been partly restocked from the Rupert's House beaver reserve. The beaver for re-stocking purposes are not trapped, but taken from the lodges alive early in April, and are kept at the post until it is possible to transport them in June. The post has a specially built beaver house with running water, but when the first live beaver were brought in they had to be kept in an old building fitted with wooden tanks. They made a lot of trouble; they chewed the tanks; they excavated the floor; they did everything but escape. The Indians never tired of watching them. The beaver were very fond of stale bread, and sat up like monkeys eating it. On Sundays all the women, young and old, used to turn out to see them fed.

Several young beaver were born in captivity, and they are very funny and playful, diving and swimming about just like the big ones. En route to Agamiski the beaver were stored over night in the Moosonee warehouse. One escaped and started to chew the pillars which support the roof. Luckily it must have been almost morning when he escaped, for had he escaped earlier the roof would have been down before morning.

By River From Chimo

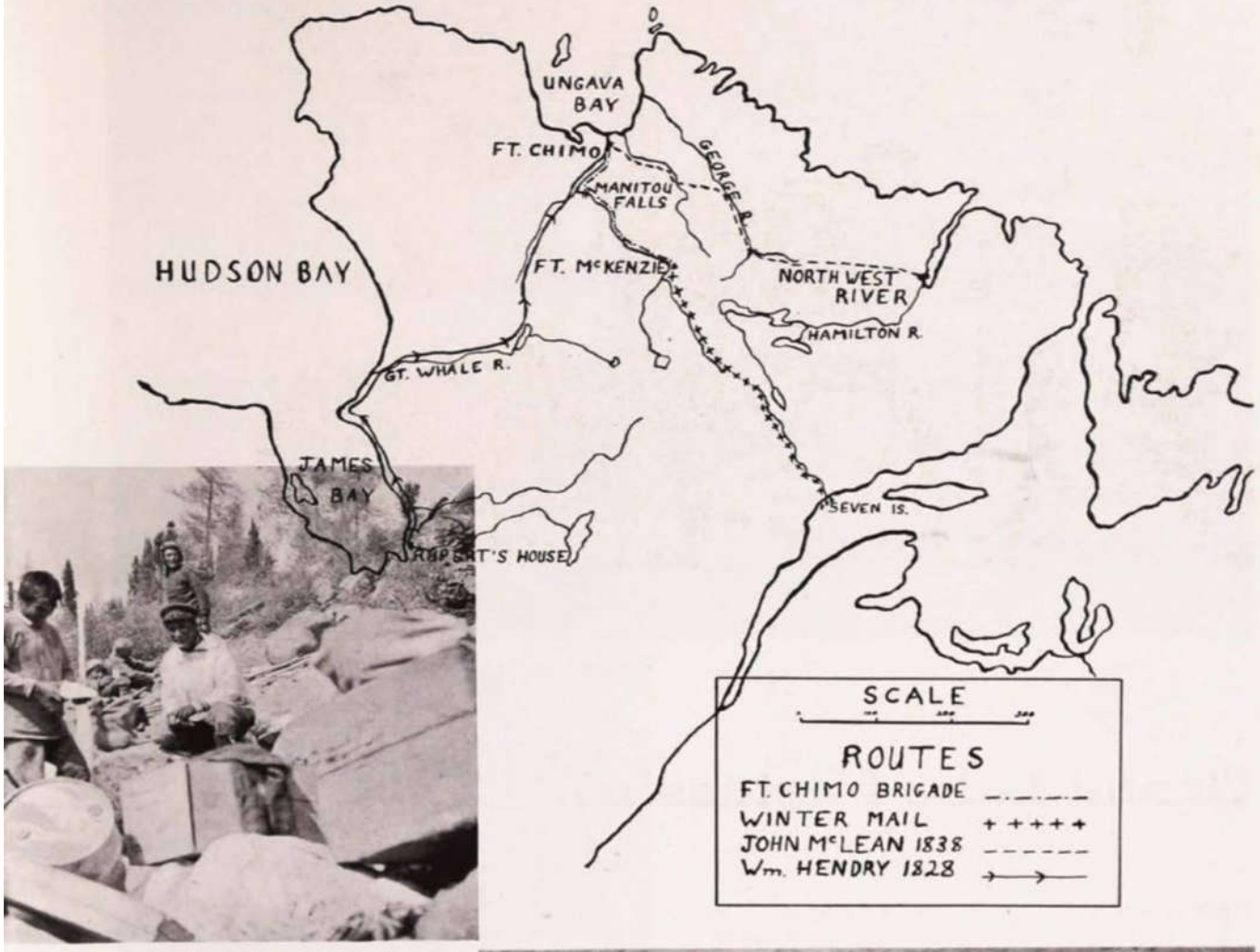
GORDON WEBSTER
Fort McKenzie

NORTH canoes, once used from Labrador to Oregon, are now almost unknown. Huge brigades no longer sweep along northern rivers with voices and paddles in time. Yet each summer, through the far forests of northern Quebec these canoes still load winter furs from Fort McKenzie to Chimo on the Koksoak River, a few miles from its mouth in Ungava Bay.

Gordon Webster in these pictures snapped life at camp and portage. The squaws have the heavy end. They rise early, hand out the rations, then pack the canoes and help to paddle them.

Several days up the river the brigade comes to the first portage at Manitou Gorge. The huge thirty-foot canoes are heavy, and it takes six men to carry one on their shoulders. Their heads are covered not as a protection against cold but to keep out millions of mosquitoes. At the portage everybody works, even the young boys carry sacks of flour and bales of cloth, great care being taken not to spill or lose anything which might cause a shortage during the winter. At the end of the portage, there is a pause for a mug-up among the boxes of trade goods, canned foods, and barrels of gasoline.

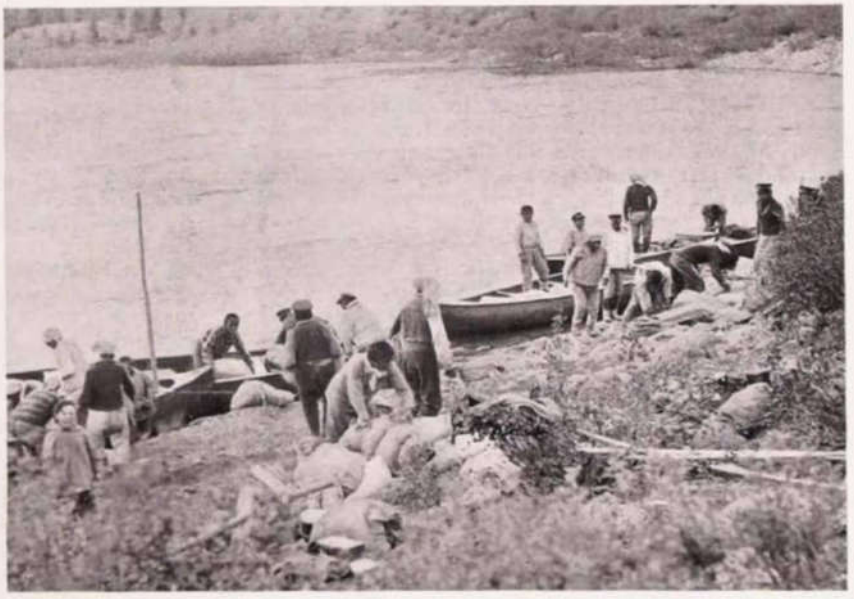
Fort Chimo was built in 1830, two years after William Hendry made his overland journey from Moose Factory and Rupert's House to the mouth of the Koksoak River. Chimo is a mixed Indian and Eskimo word, and has been taken to have several meanings. Andrew Graham in 1768 writes in his "Observations on Hudson Bay":



The Eskimos "rub their breast with their open hand, calling in a pitiful tone, Chimo! Chimo! which is a sign of peace and friendship." In 1814 Lieut. Edward Chappell writes that "Chymo" means to barter. The Eskimos today use it as a greeting.

From Chimo, John McLean made his voyage across the Labrador to North West River in 1838. During the long winter a mail is received at Fort McKenzie by the overland route from Seven Islands.

The brigade is finally across Manitou portage, and after a second breakfast canoes are loaded and once more the brigade is on its way up the Kaniapiskau River to Fort McKenzie.



The party camped within sight of Porcupine Mountain, 12 miles from the north-east corner of Lake Mistassini.

Grand Lake Mistassini

By JOHN N. LEONARD
Pictures by the Author

THE first month of our trip, paddling from the Transcontinental at Oskelaneo into Mistassini via the Obiduan and Chibougamau Posts, may be passed over with a mention of delightful pike fishing, the easy rapids run, and the many sights of moose. There was one hazard, and a decided thrill, in running the discharge of Lynx Eye Lake. In a quarter mile of racy rapid the channel zigzags three times across the river. At times the current was almost on the beam as we paddled frantically to reach the "hole" in the rocky line ahead. But reach it we did, every time, and right side up.

Two of our party were collecting hundreds of specimens—dragonflies, butterflies and spiders—for a Natural History Museum. Ottawa had asked us to report on geological data. Planes with supplies met us at Chibougamau and Mistassini Posts so that we had fresh food and fresh eggs most of the trip.

At Mistassini Post we took our twenty-foot cruiser canoe and outboard motor stored there from the previous year, engaged two Indians—one the Company's engineer—and spent a day sorting and repacking about a ton of baggage from plane and Post. The commissary contained eighty-five different foods, and there were innumerable items of small gear. Our average age, twelve of us, was then only slightly over twenty years.

Wind delayed our departure another day and the third brought hard rain with a dead calm. With 2,800 pounds of food and human cargo in the cruiser, smooth water was essential. No time was lost to make Big Narrows, eighteen miles, in three hours, towing three paddle canoes filled with men and baggage. Our three horse-power motor was working well. To the north Grand Lake stretched beyond the horizon, an open pathway between the east shore and the centre line of islands. A gorgeous aurora, first of many, attracted our evening attention. A long run next day on a glassy surface put us within sight of the north end of the lake and the following noon our prows grounded on the beautiful beach at the Obiduan rapids. That afternoon, only the third from the Post, Wiggin and I motored twenty-five miles to the north-east corner of Grand Lake to cache two weeks' provisions and gasoline on an island at the mouth of Kakwa river against our return. The entire length of the lake had been run.

Within this century Mistassini has been reported to be several hundred miles long. It is just a hundred. A few years ago, on my first visit to the Mistassini Post, I was warned to take more "gas" or we would never get back by motor; the lake was "seven sleeps long." But last year I had the privilege of inspecting the Mistassini Post records in Hudson's Bay House, London,

and found a map of the lake sketched in 1817 by the manager, and tucked away in his annual report. It clearly portrayed the lake as to size and salient features. Too bad this map was not distributed to dissipate Mistassini legends of the nineteenth century.

Before returning to camp, two hours were spent exploring the Sitting River to find a portage across the long point into the north-west arm of the lake. Dusk stopped our futile search. Until about midnight our Mistassini engineer ran us through inky darkness when we saw the glow of our signal fire on the beach at Obiduan rapids. Our safe return was most joyfully received by the party—they had worried over our delay, and the brook trout caught while we were away had not mitigated their fears for our safety—and of the very useful motor.

What fishing! Scarcely a hook has ever been dropped here. The trout struck eagerly at our red and white spinners, and full of life from the clear cold water

After the morning's fishing, a canoe full of northern pike.

—the discharge of Lake Albanel—seemed on the bank almost to leap for joy. Three portages of one and a quarter miles with a creek between, lead to Albanel. Fishing continued with the same success at the top of the rapids; sixteen speckled trout weighed just a hundred pounds. Such weight in brook trout is almost unbelievable, but remember we are three hundred miles by air from any civilization and in summer all of this region is deserted. Those who want fishing today must go places for it.

Twenty miles to the north end of Albanel, after getting clear of the islands which cover the discharge, were sailed to conserve gas. The south breeze so increased in freshness that, near the end, the sail on the cruiser carried away. I estimated our speed at seven miles an hour, but then we drifted through heavy seas to our island objective. Cacheing all but a week's provisions, we started with reduced loads for Temiscamie River. Ten miles to the north-east, Albanel ends in a small pond, a dead end, with no portage visible. A conference decided the logical place for the trail (the Indian is never haphazard in locating a trail), and scouting soon found it. Just a mile of forest, old river bottom, and muskeg dotted with thistles leads to the high bank of the river. There is plenty of evidence that ages ago the river flowed across here entering Albanel, and a map dated 1929 still shows it that way. Camp was pitched on a sand bar large enough for several polo fields. Though a half mile between flood banks, August low water makes a channel not over a hundred yards. Fifteen miles against swift current, dodging in and out among the sand bars, brought us to our first objective, site of Mistassini's winter outpost at the discharge of Lake Temiscamie. Strings of bear skulls hang from the trees, and a caribou horn attested, at least during the winter, to the presence of these animals.

Time did not permit exploring Temiscamie Lake, but a pleasant walk paralleling the rapids of the river gave a sight of it. Some heedless or malicious native had left a bear trap set in the trail nicely covered by grass; the dropped grass attracted my attention in time to miss stepping into the trap by inches only. I am still looking for the native. This was our farthest from Mistassini Post, well over a hundred miles by air. Twenty-five miles below the lake, the banks change from sand to rock, but there is no limestone, the course of the river being east of the Mistassini limestone belt. In this rock formation there are six easy rapids down to Lake Albanel. At the north end of the rock belt a high scarp with three waterfalls invited a climb, and the fine view of the river and the north end of Albanel well repaid the strenuous cross country effort. At camp just below this point one of our men shot a young moose, the three hundred pounds of fresh meat being entirely consumed within a week, a welcome change from canned meat. I specially recom-

Basalt columns at Lake Clair.

Sailing the big canoe before a strong wind on choppy water.

mend the liver—"uscun"—and mention this as our Indians would not touch it. They preferred all the other innards to the liver.

Our second objective was to find the "marble cave" reported by Father Laure in the "Jesuit Relation" of 1730 to look "as if a workman had carved and polished it. The savages think that it is a house of prayer and council where the spirits assemble." Again, in February 1885, Provincial Explorer Bignell described the cave "on the side of a steep hill, sixty feet above the river and distant about fifteen chains from it. An outer room sixteen by eighteen feet, inner room ten feet by eight feet high. They look as if they had been rounded off by boulders under the action of water; the walls are not marble but spar." Spar is a very indefinite geological term; it incited our curiosity. Fire has destroyed the timber since Bignell's visit, revealing two caves which might answer Father Laure's description. The roof of one has long since fallen, but the other corresponds to Bignell's measurements. The rock is a flint quartz with pink streaks and the cave has no opening at the top; it was formed by swirling water like a pot hole when the river was at this height, ages ago. It is almost at the summit of the hill. To Mistassini Indians hunting through here in winter the cave is known as the "big stone house." We found the cave on the east bank fifteen miles above where the river enters Albanel.

In our island cache at the north end of the lake, the eggs we had hidden in the muskeg were undisturbed by animals and still fresh though now three weeks out of Montreal. The basalt columns of Lake Clair, our third objective, now took us off the map for five miles of ponds and three short portages. Extravagantly described by explorer O'Sullivan in 1897 as "resembling the ruins of some dismantled fortress" I hoped to find a formation resembling what I had seen at the Giant's Causeway in Ulster. Few people have been here, even Indians. The columns form a thousand feet of shore line, twenty feet high, and are not basalt but dolomitic limestone. A careful search revealed no fossils. The age of the Mistassini limestone belt cannot be determined from any showing of fossils, as apparently there are none in this region. It may be found by the new helium-content process. Following O'Sullivan's description we continued around to the north-east corner of Grand Lake, still off the map, and without further portage. Within this stretch of glorious country lay our last objective.

Porcupine (Kakwa) Mountain had been visible since before we reached Obiduan rapids. From both Mistassini and Albanel, and indeed at the very base of the mountain, a range seems to stretch north-east to the divide between Labrador and James Bay. The sole error we found in O'Sullivan's report of this region is where he writes, descending the Kakwa River, "Porcupine Mountain must be at the beginning of this range." Everyone not actually climbing this mountain would make the same mistake.

Leaving the river at a forks on a red hot day, August 6, amid swarms of flies, the ascent started over moors and burnings crossed by heavily bushed water courses. Two hours' toil brought us to what looked like the top. Our joy at reaching our objective in so short a

Temiscamie River from the site of an H B C winter outpost.

time was short. A much higher peak rose across a deep ravine. The true summit is not visible from where we left the river. More or less cheerfully we lost half the altitude already gained in descending to the bottom of that ravine. Then scaling cliffs by hauling on saplings, skirting deep copses and stirring up at least one bear from his siesta, the real summit was not reached until mid-afternoon. Collens was the first man up and undoubtedly has the honour of being the first ever to scale this peak. The most rabid mountaineer would be content with the view. The summit is the extreme north-east end of the range which bends like an arc to the north-west. In all directions the plain, a thousand feet below, isolates the range. Though the north slope is heavily spruced, the plain is treeless, strewn with glacial boulders and waterless except for a few small ponds. To the east the plain ends some twenty miles away in the range of the Labrador divide. Southward the route from Albanel is easily discernible and the lake can be followed to its discharge at Obiduan rapids. South-west and west both the northern arms of Mistassini show clearly. Toward the East Main two peaks rise at least fifty miles away.

We hasten to make camp before dusk. Keeping to the west of our ascending route, gently rolling moors and brulés afford a much easier way to the river forks. In spite of our good physical condition the ten-mile, no-trail hike had truly bushed all of us.

The run to Mistassini, fifteen miles, is chiefly placid between sandy banks like the upper Temiscamie, though there are six short, sporty rapids. We ran them all at some hazard with loaded eighteen-foot canoes. Picking up the cache we had made on the side trip from Obiduan rapids, we found a three-fifth mile portage across the long point and reached the north-west arm. Thoroughly to circumnavigate Grand Lake, we ascended the Papaskwasati River four miles to the first rapid. Here a right angle forks makes it impossible to determine which is the main stream. The entire west shore of Mistassini was run deep into Penicouan Bay with a detour into the Rupert river. Grey trout as well as speckled made fishing the head waters of the Rupert well worth while. Here were two Indians returning from down river, the first humans we had seen in thirty days since leaving Mistassini Post. The centre island of Mistassini yielded lake trout up to eighteen pounds. Late in August we returned to the Post in time for a wedding feast. Our Indian friends were not bashful in asking us to furnish the tobacco. In return we were invited to attend the celebration. Much raisin bread and varieties of cakes were washed down by kettles full of steaming tea.

All our objectives were made without undue adventure as our trip was carefully planned. Our success must be shared with our two Indians, whose labour and cheerfulness were large assets. Manager Haight at Oskelaneo arranged the trip by much correspondence during the winter, forwarded our supplies exactly as ordered, and handled our mail while we were away.

Canadian Airways kept their appointment at Mistassini and too soon we were back at Oskelaneo. A month by canoe, two hours by plane; thus civilization severs time.

Six Pictures—

By LORENE SQUIRE

LORENE SQUIRE, of Harper, Kansas, came to Hudson's Bay House last summer to ask advice about the best areas for getting wild life pictures. She went north in Manitoba, Saskatchewan, and to Fort Chipewyan in Alberta. She fought off mosquitos, flies and other pests, and endured a maximum of sheer physical discomfort to get these pictures of birds and animals. With the most complete patience she stalked her prey to within ten feet. She conquered difficulties that would have staggered older and less dauntless heads. The result was a large and remarkable exhibition of her pictures in the Hudson's Bay Company's Winnipeg store, from which six were chosen for reproduction here.

Snow and Blue Geese

Blue Goose Honking

The blue goose is slate grey and brown, with lighter feathers along the edge of the back, the lower body and under wings. The wings are slate and the head all white. They breed in south-western Baffin Island and southern Southampton Island, and migrate along the eastern shore of Hudson Bay to winter on the Gulf of Mexico.

White as their name, with black-tipped wing feathers, snow geese are neither as large as the Canada Goose nor as small as Ross's Goose. Sometimes their purity is marred to red from swimming in rusty water. Extremely noisy in flight, they honk and call continuously. They nest on the ground of islands and mainland of Arctic North America, and in migration move almost entirely west of the Great Lakes. In old fur trade days, they were the reason of the famous Goose Hunts which supplied posts about the Bay with a variation in diet throughout the winter. Their numbers have not decreased as rapidly as many other species of wild geese.

Young Bluebills at Fort Chipewyan

At a distance bluebills look half black and the back half, white. Actually the male has a green tinge on the head, white on the outer side of the wings. The brown of the female is varied by a white spot at the base of the bill. Bluebills nest on the ground near lakes bordered by long grasses.

These young bluebills were photographed near Fort Chipewyan on Lake Athabaska. They have been known to nest on the farther north Great Slave Lake.

Solitary Sandpiper

Western species of the Solitary Sandpiper are found throughout Alberta and British Columbia. They are commonly seen around small bodies of water and marsh lands. Their backs are dark brown with a green sheen, and speckled with rusty ochre spots. Solitary Sandpipers nest in the former homes of robins and other birds high up in bushes and in the deep forest.

Mountain Sheep

Live in the wilder ranges of the Rocky Mountains among crags almost above the tree line. They feed on plants and grass. In winter snow drives them south to the foothills, where they are preyed upon by mountain lions. These and big game hunters have failed to exterminate them. One of the thrills of hunting them is to see them dash up and down practically vertical slopes. The oldest ram with the heaviest horns can bound from rock to rock with grace and agility.

Buffalo of the Plains

"The one is a black a Buffillo great," wrote Henry Kelsey of his journey inland from York Factory in 1690 when he had his first glimpse of the great, shaggy, brown beasts that roamed the prairie until a century ago.

Buffalo used to be the bread of the Plains Indians' diet. It was the great staple of life. The hunt was tribal; individual effort was a punishable offence. The tribe, braves and squaws, children, horses and dogs camped and moved about the plains until a herd was sighted. Horses and leaders, bows and arrows were prepared. When all was ready there was a wild dash on horseback to within arrow range, the ping of the bow, and the arrow would find its mark deep in the buffalo's front shoulder.

In later days when fur traders and white settlers depended on pemmican for food, more effective hunting methods were evolved. A big corral would be built of logs with a shaped entrance. Skilled riders and herders drove the buffalo into the corral for the big killing.

By 1880 only a few roving herds north of the Saskatchewan River remained from the encroachments of civilization. Parks established by the Government are now their only haunt.

Edmonton to Aklavik, 1920

By CATHERINE HOARE

The Northern Alberta Railway has been much improved since Mrs. Hoare made her bridal journey down north, but they still have trouble with muskeg, washouts, and forest fires, and the train crew has to be expert at meeting emergencies. Today the 260-mile trip from Edmonton to Waterways is done in twenty-four hours. Tons of freight are moved north on these trains, and the cars return with loads of ore and furs. Passenger cars have modern conveniences, though they are not yet stream-lined.

WE reached Edmonton from Ottawa on June 2, but waited twelve days for the first train north. When we finally got away on June 14, it was on a train that for novelty stands in a class by itself. It was a combined freight and work train, with an old mail coach attached. The mail coach had seating capacity for fourteen people. This was absolutely all the passenger accommodation—no sleeper, diner, or washroom.

There was quite a party going to the oil wells at Fort Norman that year, and what with Mounted Police, tourists, missionaries, and Hudson's Bay Company men, the passenger list numbered sixty-seven, but none of us were very old or fussy. Several were just married and ready for adventure, so we cheerfully piled our personal baggage, bed rolls, and tents, into the open coal car, and climbed in on top ourselves. We carried along our own food, and got hot water for tea at the stations *en route*. This railway was built over muskeg, when the ground was frozen. A work gang repaired the track as we went along. In the first sixteen hours we made one hundred miles. We took no chances travelling after dark. The train stopped for the night, and we were able to get out our bed rolls and mosquito bars and make a sleeping camp alongside the track. In the morning there was plenty of time for the men to shave while we women prepared breakfast. Our big difficulty, next to the mosquito pest, was to find drinking water. Unless the train stopped near a creek, we had to scoop up water from the ditch or between the "nigger heads." We told each other, it did not taste so bad in tea. Actually it was the colour of tea before we boiled it. However there was no choice and we did get so thirsty.

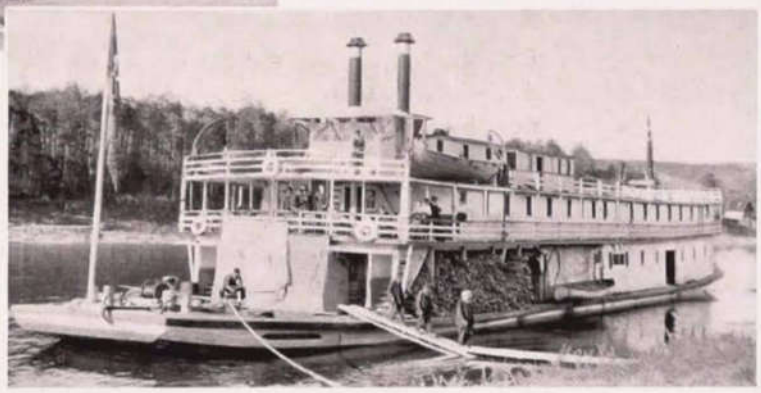
The train crew were most obliging. If we came to a place where the fishing looked good, or ducks were plentiful, we might try our luck. Time was of no importance at all.

Arriving at Lac la Biche midnight, June 15, we found accommodation inadequate. A hotel of sorts was being constructed, but the two women who took a room said they were too frightened to sleep. The room had no door, and there were so many strangers round. A number of us made ourselves as comfortable as we could on the train. We got practically no sleep. The situation was comical. Here we were, first class passengers, travelling down to the Arctic by the approved and only way, and getting the best to be had *en route*. Things would quiet down, and we would try to snatch a bit of sleep, when someone would shout to be sure to leave our shoes out to be shined. Or someone else would decide to play porter and make himself a nuisance.

Next morning we were all up early and pitched our tents. There were several washouts down the line, and no one knew when we might be able to get away. The weather was very bad while we were at Lac la Biche. It rained continually, and was warm and sticky, with clouds of vicious mosquitos. My husband's face was swollen with bites. We spent most of our time under mosquito bars reading. There was nothing else to do, and the rain came down in torrents.

On June 18 word came for anyone in a hurry to get down north to be at the station by 9 a.m. Mickey Ryan would take a load of passengers on his speeder. We were to take only necessary baggage as the space would be very limited. We ran to the station bag and baggage, but so many of us were in a hurry, and we all

Coal and baggage car, and the party off for the north in 1920.



S.S. "Fort McMurray," one of the links between end of steel and the Arctic Ocean.

had so much necessary baggage, that poor Mickey was swamped and told us we had better wait for the train, which would probably start next morning. We slept in the hotel that night. The ground was so soggy that once we had broken camp we could not pitch our tents again.

Next day about 1 p.m., we were off again, though not exceeding any speed limits, even for that day and age. As the train passed over it, the track at times disappeared altogether in water. Occasionally the ties snapped under the strain. We were bounced up and down and from side to side. In one spot the track was so bad the cars kept uncoupling. Once we were off the track altogether. We made many stops for repairs, and of course always built a fire and made tea.

When the nights were fine and the ground not too wet, we spread our bed rolls by the side of the track. Sometimes making a bed of evergreen boughs and with our bars for protection from the mosquitos, we had a comfortable night under the stars. But when it rained or the ground was very wet, we slept aboard. The rain made it very unpleasant, for we had to protect ourselves and belongings as best we could with tarpaulins and tents spread out.

Long before we arrived at the end of steel on June 23, our food was gone. The fortunate few who had food were sharing with those who had not. And we had many a meal with the work crew. At places where we stopped, the water was so stagnant and slimy we could not even make tea. Sometimes when walking the "nigger heads," our feet slipped and down we went into the water to our knees. One day we walked along the track a couple of miles to a lovely little creek, put up our mosquito bar, and wrote our letters. When the train came along we got on as it passed. One day we travelled five miles; another day, three.

Finally at 3.30 p.m. June 23, we arrived at the end of our train journey. Mickey took us a few miles further on his speeder (a Ford chassis with a trailer, that rode the rails). The seats were back to back, so the passengers in the back seat did not see the road until after they had passed over it, which was probably why I got a back seat. This part of the track, even our fearless train would not tackle. We went over a very shaky, high, trestle. I kept my eyes closed most of the time, too frightened to look.

My husband said that when he came out in 1919 the track was in even worse condition, and that over a bridge crossing the Christine River they were told to walk and go single file. The ties and rails were holding the supports in place and the whole thing swayed very badly. Sometimes they had to get down on hands and knees where ties were missing. They looked back to see what the train was going to do about it. One trainman walked across the bridge and waited. The other started the train very slowly and then jumped off, letting it cross alone. When it arrived, the first trainman jumped on and stopped it. After hearing this story, we felt that conditions had certainly improved.

Mickey entertained us to breakfast one morning. It consisted of hot cakes, bacon and marmalade. What a breakfast! These sour dough hot cakes, made right on top of the stove by the men of the north, have no equal anywhere.

On June 26 we broke camp and packed our baggage half a mile through mud and water down a very steep zig-zag gumbo trail to the Christine River. Billy, my

Modern unit of the Mackenzie River Transport, S.S. "Athabasca River," with loaded barges.

husband, carried his with a tump line, and we each had stout sticks to keep us from falling. I thought of the Yukon Trail of '98. Our heavier personal baggage was brought down on a stone-boat, by a horse. Such a funny thing happened here. The hill was steep and slippery, and the boat ran away, hitting the horse on the hind legs, whereupon he promptly sat down on the baggage and rode.

We loaded our stuff into a canoe and paddled the twenty-four miles down the beautiful winding Christine River to Fort McMurray to board the S.S. *McMurray*. Down the Athabaska we went and across the lake to Fort Fitzgerald, where we took a whole afternoon to cross the sixteen-mile portage in a democrat. The road was very bad, but the mosquitos and "bull dogs" were even worse. It is on this portage that the mosquitos are said to "sit on the trees and bark," but I don't believe they ever sit anywhere, anytime.

Arriving at Fort Smith, we boarded the good old S.S. *Mackenzie River*, and sailed July 7 on the last lap of our journey. My husband and I were on our way to establish a mission at Aklavik. Another mission was to be established at Shingle Point by W. A. Geddes, present bishop of the Yukon. We had food supplies for a whole year, and among the equipment for the missions two very necessary cook stoves. One for each. There was so much freight going down the river that a scow was loaded up and towed alongside. A gang-plank ran across from the boat to the scow, where one of the stoves (which we thought belonged to Geddes) was piled on top. As we entered the river we struck a sand bar and the boat stopped with a jerk. The scow was free and kept on travelling. The gang-plank hit the stove and knocked it overboard. We exclaimed, "Poor old Geddes! There goes his stove." It was not until we reached our destination that we discovered "poor old Hoare's stove" had gone overboard.

We took all that day to get off the bar and away again. This boat was a stern-wheeler, and used wood for fuel. The wood was piled at convenient places along the route, and we stopped every so often to load. We were eleven days going down the mighty Mackenzie River, and enjoyed this part of the trip very much. We had a chance to visit all the forts while freight and mail were being taken off. The only disagreeable thought that stands out in my memory is that of mosquitos and bull dogs.

We arrived at Aklavik at 2 a.m., July 18, taking eight weeks for a trip which today can be done in less than that many days.

Lieutenant Joseph René Bellot

Knight of the Legion of Honour

By MARY KENNEDY

Keystone of the North West Passage, Bellot Strait, like many other thousand miles of Arctic coastline, was discovered through the search for the Franklin expedition. One of the most brilliant young naval officers of his time, Lieut. Joseph Rene Bellot sailed under Captain William Kennedy, a Hudson's Bay Company man, in 1851. The story told here is by Captain Kennedy's daughter from memories of her father's stories and from a memoir of Lieutenant Bellot.

BELLOT was one of a family of eight, his father a blacksmith and farrier. He was born in Paris in 1826, and when he was five the family moved to Rochefort. After elementary instruction, his school master's report was so glowing that the municipality decided to become responsible for part of his education. At the instance of the mayor, there was granted him a "demiburse" at Rochefort College, and before his sixteenth birthday he was ready for admission to the Naval College at Brest. A year later he stood fifth in the list of pupils of the second class for promotion. Before he was twenty he was decorated "Chevalier of the Legion of Honour."

Out of his first earnings he saved small sums to send to his sisters. His chief care on making his first cruise, at this time, was to assign twenty francs a month out of slender pay to his family. At the age of eighteen Bellot notes in his diary: "I must apply myself steadfastly to doing my duty well, and especially to the assumption of more gravity, for I am conscious that I show myself inferior in reason to all my comrades. I cannot guard myself too carefully. I am not so blind as not to see all these things, and yet I have not the strength to repress these defects. I must absolutely arrive at something. Ought I not to reflect that I am destined to support a numerous and beloved family, of whom I am the sole hope."

Arctic exploration fired his imagination, and to prepare for northern travel he began to harden himself by sleeping all winter without blankets. He studied constantly, and wrote to Lady Franklin March 18, 1851, from his home in Rochefort-sur-mer offering his services in the forthgoing expedition "to seek the illustrious Lord Franklin. His Lordship's glory and success have made him a citizen of the world, and it is but justice that all seamen should take a lively interest in his fate." The offer was accepted. Bellot hastened to London. The meeting between him and Lady Franklin was thrilling to both, and she took him to her heart.

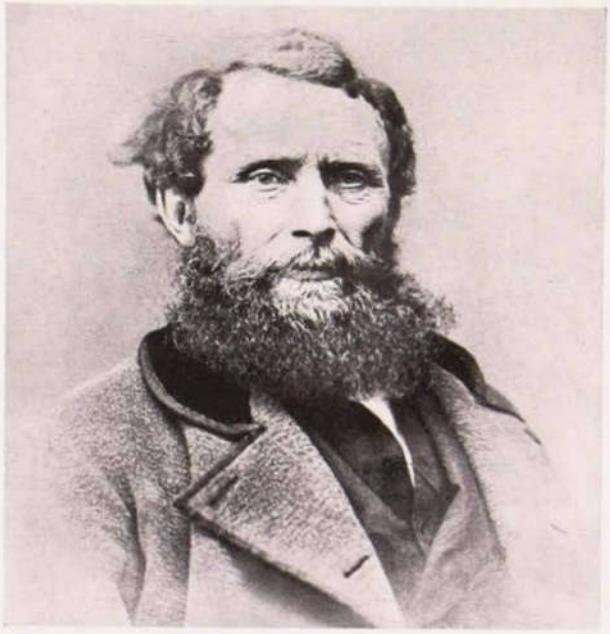
Immediately he wrote to his family: "I assure you that on the brilliant horizon of this cruise, there is but one black spot . . . . that you will be uneasy. But what if I tell you that one of the most remarkable men in the British Navy, Sir John Ross, who is there, is seventy-eight years old, and that he was detained there from 1829 to 1833? Do you suppose that he would have engaged in the adventure if it were immensely perilous?" And again, "I recommend to you courage rather than resignation."

On June 3, 1851, the *Prince Albert*, a little vessel of ninety tons, which had previously essayed a voyage of search under Captain Forsyth, much reinforced, again started forth under William Kennedy, Lieutenant Bellot being second in command, officers and crew numbering eighteen. Lady Franklin, at the request of the British Admiralty, had asked my father to defer, when possible, to the judgment of the young French officer, since my father had not naval training.

On May 25, Lady Franklin and Miss Sophia Cracroft, Sir John's niece, waved a tearful farewell to the gallant little vessel, which was garlanded with flowers by the women of Wolverhampton and Stromness, and she fared forth into a stormy sea. Bellot pronounced the *Prince Albert* "the unsteadiest craft I have ever seen." All save Messrs. Leask and Hepburn (a close relative of Lord Selkirk who had accompanied Franklin on his first Arctic voyage) were seasick. Bellot's journal says: "This evening the Captain, feeling a little better, musters all hands for prayer on deck."

By June 22 the *Prince Albert* rounded Cape Farewell in a fog, the water becoming calmer. A series of peaks, furrowed with glaciers, was their first view of Greenland. Soon they became entangled with the eastern edge of the middle ice, which has a mean breadth of one hundred and fifty miles, and confines itself to the centre of Baffin's Bay. It is the obstacle most dreaded by Arctic navigators. By this time Bellot's eyes were giving him much trouble. He felt ill, and blood letting ("three large plates full") was the remedy.

Kennedy reports: "On Tuesday, July 8, we were nearly opposite the little Danish colony of Upernavik. We had this morning been visited by Captains Patter-



Captain William Kennedy

son and Walker, of the whaling ships *Pacific* of Aberdeen and *Jane* of Bo'ness, who breakfasted with us and brought with them a document which set our little society in a ferment. It was headed 'Memorandum of traces of Sir John Franklin's Expedition,' and was signed by E. W. Kane, U.S.N."

Details were given of traces found at Beechy Island and on the coast of Devon Island. Three graves of seamen belonging to the *Erebus* and *Terror*, with date April, 1846, and other relics, proved that the expedition wintered there in 1845-46. No documents were found.

Bellot says: "The most striking fact is the route which the ice has forced the Yankees to take; first, to the north of Wellington Channel . . . then down again through the Straits and Baffin's Bay, which has taken them eight months. Here is the true element which proves the polar current and the existence of the North West Passage." From the whalers he procured some acetate of lead for his eyes.

At Upernavik Kennedy and Bellot went ashore, where the governor welcomed them. They procured six powerful dogs and a sledge for £4. They were much struck with the intelligence of the Eskimos and their well clad appearance. Each station along the coast had its missionary and a school.

By July 13, the expedition fell in with the two American ships, of which Doctor Kane was the medical officer, and they were kept together by the ice for three weeks, many interesting friendships being formed.

On September 4, Leopold Island was in sight, but the entrance to Leopold Harbour was blocked with moving ice. The object was to examine carefully the two shores of Barrow Straits and to advance to Griffith's Island, where they might meet with other vessels. Ice prevented this. While waiting for western winds to clear the channel up to that point, they explored the two coasts of Prince Regent's Inlet as far as Fury Beach and Port Neill.

With great difficulty, on September 9, Captain Kennedy and four men in the gutta percha boat succeeded in reaching the shore through a narrow lane of water. They ascended the height of Cape Seppings to reconnoitre and saw Leopold Harbour free of ice. But all trace of the ship was missing. It turned out that the *Prince Albert* had moored to an ice floe, which gradually drifted thirty miles southward. She reached Batty Bay, where she remained solidly frozen in for three hundred and thirty days. Fortunately, Kennedy knew that a depot of provisions had been left by Sir James Ross at Whaler Point on the other side of the harbour two years previously: and thither they went. The stores were in good condition, save that a cask of tallow had been emptied by bears and foxes, a case of chocolate was partly destroyed, and a cask of biscuits much damaged. A cylinder attached to the flag pole contained a notice of the deposit. The roof of the building was badly broken. They found stove and fuel.

For five weeks, these five men were lost to the vessel: the main object of both parties being reunion. To give a few extracts from Kennedy's journal: "Sunday, 21st September. We were able to enjoy a day of rest after severe and laborious exertion. It was a pleasing sight in the absence of the regular means for conducting the exercises appropriate to the day, to observe . . . the men recalling to mind some of the sacred melodies of their native land, and the simple hymns stored up in their memory from childhood, as well as those exquisite cullings from the word of Truth, embodied in the Shorter Catechism of the Church of Scotland."

They planned daily search parties, and tried to renew their clothes: "Our great deficiency is in the article of shoes, for which we have no other material than the old canvas housing of the building of Sir James Ross, which constant exposure to the weather has very much deteriorated." Snow shoes, stove pipes had to be made; a winter sleigh; runners shod with frozen dough, Eskimo fashion; grindstone made from sandstone; some bears and foxes seen.

Daily, Lieutenant Bellot, with fatigue parties, started out from the vessel, by boat or with dogs, according to the weather, to seek the lost men, only to be frustrated by snow-storms, fog, or ice movement.

On September 23, his father's birthday, Doctor Cowie and Messrs. Hepburn and Leask "prepared a little collation" and drank to the health of Mr. Bellot and his family, expressing good wishes and warm friendship for his son. (A dozen precious bottles of brandy had been included in the medicine chest.)

By October 8, in spite of careful precautions, Bellot finds he has over-rated his powers of endurance. "My feet and hands are covered with chilblains. My half-frozen ears and pains all about my body prove that our physical endurance does not exceed very narrow limits. Now I wear woollens all over." Spirits of wine was their only commodity for heating water, and fresh water itself was always a problem.

On October 13, they started out once more with sledges. He says, "Our dogs were so little hindered by the weight of the sledge that we had to trot to keep up with them—for to hold them back is impossible." They were at this time well fed on bear's meat. But ice began to break under them: baggage and provisions became wet, the dogs were released "and we beheld the chief part of our belongings, four buffalo robes, the tent, our portable kitchen, the doctor's instrument case—the only one on board—and our sledge, all drifting out to sea." (These, fortunately, were later retrieved.) The

loosened dogs scampered ahead, and by five all were once more on the *Prince Albert*.

On October 15, after surmounting many difficulties, the final rescue party of eight men, under Lieutenant Bellot, set out at ten a.m., dragging a sledge laden with provisions and equipment. The sledge broke down early, but by determined efforts it carried them to Cape Seppings. Repeatedly they discharged firearms. At length, Bellot records: "A mile from the tent the sky cleared a little, and with my glass we could discern a black mass close to the sloop; then moving objects. I could resist no longer and set off at full speed. Some minutes later, my hurrahs announced that our friends were in front. Soon we embraced each other with all the joy of friends who had expected never to meet again. No thanks were ever offered up to God with greater sincerity than ours. The general query was: Has anyone news of Franklin? No."

The flourishing appearance of the Leopolders bore witness that they had fully appreciated provisions deposited at Whaler Point two years previously by Sir James C. Ross.

On Wednesday, October 22, they set out for the ship in Batty Bay, after depositing a report to date in the cylinder. A small tent intended for six had to do duty the first night for thirteen men: No sleep for anyone. The next day they constructed a snow hut.

Many atmospheric marvels, solar and lunar, were observed by both search parties. On October 17, a shot was heard, and my father distinctly heard Bellot speaking at a distance later estimated to be eight miles. The fact of speech travelling over ether waves, without wires, convinced him that in time these would be utilized by science for the benefit of mankind. He spoke of this in a lecture before the Manitoba Historical Society in March, 1880, and in this possible connection, mentioned the Magnetic Pole.

Bellot noted a curious phosphorescence in the melting ice on October 25. The moving sledge left behind it, long, fiery tracks; and footsteps seemed to strike out sparks all the time they passed along the same piece of ice. He tells also of the metal rim of the telescope "burning" his eyelids, so severe was the cold. He mentions also great enlargement of objects, which hampered judgment of distances.

As the party struggled towards the *Prince Albert* in Batty Bay, he describes their snow house: "A wall of snow sheltering our modest kitchen, which consisted of a cauldron to melt the snow. In fact, as we travelled like gentlemen for whom nothing is too good, we indulged in the luxury of a cup of tea to wash down our pemican."

By January, 1852, the ship was converted into a winter dwelling. Stores were laid on the ice or in store houses built of snow, so as to augment the confined space. The vessel was covered with a woollen tent, the sides coated with a thick wall of snow to hinder the outward radiation of heat.

An excursion was planned to the beach where the *Fury* was lost in 1825, and on which a large part of her provisions had been landed. Bellot says: "This excursion at a season when the sun had sunk beneath the horizon, not to appear until one hundred and ten days later, assured us of the possibility of a journey even at that period of the year, thanks to the able arrangements of Mr. Kennedy."

On January 12, Kennedy, Bellot, J. Smith, W. Miller and W. Adamson set out for the first recorded midwinter overland journey, but only the remains of the wreck of the *Fury* were to be seen. However, stores of thirty-year-old provisions were well preserved. After many preliminary trips, in which they formed depots of provisions along the intended route, they took leave of the vessel about the end of February not to return to it till June.

On February 6, the sun was first seen from a hilltop. On March 24, Bellot records: "For the first time, I have taken satisfactory observations." On the 31st and again on April 5, he writes of the narrow isthmus uniting Boothia to North Somerset.

On the 7th, they proceed with two sledges and dogs on the route partly explored by Kennedy the preceding day, and find, besides the principal piece of water, two smaller ones. At noon they reach an inlet perpendicular to the general direction they have been following, extending north-northeast to south-southwest. At six, they encamp on the western margin.

There was a disagreement between Bellot and Kennedy as to a continuous channel. Bellot says: "Hence, admitting that we crossed Brentford Bay on the 5th, one thing still remains unexplained, viz. the land to the north, that is to say, connecting Somerset with the western lands.

"Captain Kennedy forgets this and declares: 1, That Somerset is an island. 2, That there is a passage between Regent's Inlet and the Western Sea. 3, That the sea runs without interruption from Cape Walker or Somerset Island to the Magnetic Pole (just above latitude 70 on Boothia Peninsula). I do not think that I can subscribe to this last proposition, and, as to the two others, I can only affirm them as probabilities. We differ also as to some details for the route traversed on the 6th, which I believe to have been in two lines at an angle; he now affirms to have been in a right line, but westward, instead of South South West and West North West."

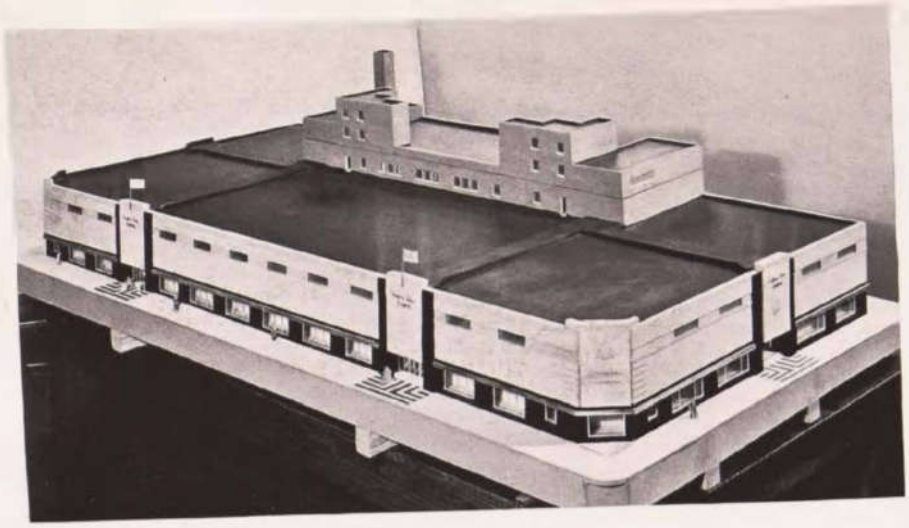
Kennedy was so sure of the channel that he told Bellot he should name it Bellot Strait, as it stands on the map today. He later discovered that the channel, at its western opening, was the northern extremity of Victoria Strait, now called Franklin Strait, partially explored by Doctor Rae from another direction. Had they gone south down this channel, they might have traced Franklin to King William Island. Instead, as Lady Franklin attached great importance to Cape Walker, they proceeded west and north. Cape Walker revealed nothing.

Disappointed beyond words, they made their way along the northern coast of Somerset to the ship, which they reached early in June. Bellot says, "We were so exhausted with scurvy that, after our return to the vessel, we had to devote our whole care to our cure, which sufficiently occupied the months of June and July."

In the beginning of August, after sawing a canal half a mile long in ice four feet thick, the vessel was released from her ten months' detention. Thus another fruitless expedition sailed homeward. Sir John had died in 1847.

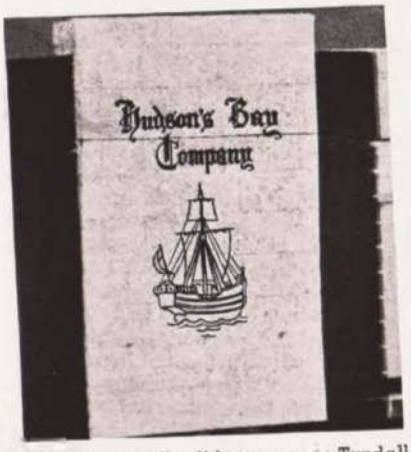
In 1853, Lady Franklin offered Bellot the command of the steamer *Isabella*, my father proposing to serve under him. The boat was considered unfit for Arctic heroics. But in this year Bellot embarked again in the *Phoenix*, under Captain Inglefield, and in September he was drowned, a great sorrow to all who knew him. Even the Eskimos wept when they heard of it.

The British Government raised a monument to his memory on the banks of the Thames in front of Greenwich Hospital.



A miniature replica of the new Edmonton store.

Edmonton House 1939



The "Nonsuch" will be carven in Tyndall stone, one of the most beautiful of all building materials. At its best it is brilliant, chalky, gray-white, with the fossils of long-ago animal life shadowed in cut surfaces.

THE first post to serve this district was established in 1795. Fifty years later, Lieut. M. Vavasour wrote a military note on Fort Edmonton, where he had stopped on his way to the Oregon territory. He reached Fort Edmonton after twice crossing the Saskatchewan River, swimming the horses. He notes its position "on the top of a high hill . . . commanded by a rising ground about 50 yards to the rear. The buildings are of wood and enclosed by 15 foot pickets in pentagonal form, with 4 small square towers, containing 2 one-pounder iron guns . . . the largest post in the Saskatchewan . . . the last Fort we visited on the east side of the Mountain."

The military mind noted the lack of defence except against Indians. The fort was "commanded in the rear within musquet range . . . could easily be set on fire . . ." The inhabitants depended for water on the river, and if blockaded they could not reach the river. The position, he wrote, had been chosen for trade with the Indians in the hunting season, and not with a view to defence. Establishments had to be moved as firewood became scarce.

It is a very far cry from that day to the new Edmonton store now under construction. The accompanying pictures are of a small working model of the new store, an extremely clever model conveying in miniature an accurate idea of the new building. The masonite walls have been covered with beaverboard, and painted to simulate concrete and granite and Tyndall stone. Windows and glass bricking are indicated in pyralin.

The inside view, possible by simply lifting off an entire floor, discloses all the smart detail of up-to-the-minute store lay-out, complete with pillars, departments, escalators, show cases, light and heat and air-washing systems —in short, all the intricacies of ultra-modern merchandizing within a compass of seven by three feet. The miniature builder inserted such fine detail as stools in the coffee shop, cardboard furniture in the offices, infinitesimal chutes to the delivery sorting room, and equipment for the garage in the rear. All parts are moveable so that rearrangement is constantly possible.

Extreme left—York boat under sail. Edmonton was one of the great supply depots of the fur trade empire. Left—The Company's Coat-of-Arms.

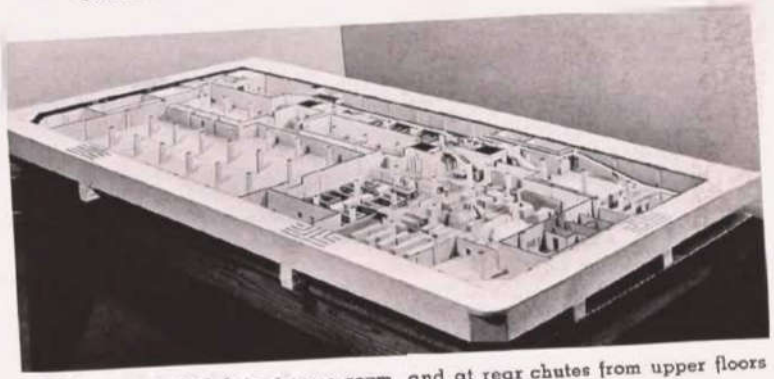
Fur trader and pioneer, stout-hearted, lonely toilers of the west.

The second floor exposed as it never will be in real life. Offices in rear, women's ready-to-wear at front.

The architects, Moody and Moore, kept in mind the unbroken link with early western history, and incorporated into modern plans the symbols of the past. Over the two main entrances, framed in black granite will be two tall figures, one a settler and the other a fur trader. On each of the Jasper avenue corners is the Company's Coat of Arms. Over the 102nd street entrance will be a ten-foot incised drawing of the *Nonsuch*, first Company ship to reach the Bay; at the 103rd street entrance will be a similar figure of a York boat under sail. At Jasper avenue and 102nd street this inscription is planned: "On May 2nd, 1670, Charles II of England granted a Charter incorporating The Governor and Company of Adventurers of England Trading into Hudson's Bay, later known as the Hudson's Bay Company."

The other inscription is at the Jasper and 103rd street corner: "Fort Edmonton was established for the Hudson's Bay Company in 1795 by William Tomison. The Company as fur trader and merchant has since been active in the life of this community."

Columns and counters of the first floor. Delivery trucks garage at back.



The basement. At left is storage room, and at rear chutes from upper floors bring merchandise to the delivery sorting room.

How the new store may look on a rainy night.

British Columbia Brigade Trails

By F. W. HOWAY

THE brigade trails and the brigade were trite terms on the lips of the generation that has just passed off the stage of western history. Those great trails stretched from Alexandria to Kamloops and thence to the Columbia and the Fraser, a distance of about five hundred miles. Along them passed every spring and autumn for nearly forty years the inward and outward-bound traffic, the life-blood of the land. These brigades and brigade trails were the Hudson's Bay Company's attempt to solve their transportation problem in British Columbia. They made the trade of rivers flowing into the Pacific flow also in that direction.

The overland journey of Sir Alexander Mackenzie in 1793 had shown the comparatively short distance between the Fraser River and the Pacific Ocean. When in 1805 the North West Company founded Fort McLeod at the headwaters of the Peace River they made a leap which brought them two hundred miles nearer the Pacific; but no one thought of providing for its transportation needs save by adding another link to the already breaking chain between Montreal and the Rocky Mountains. In the next two years as they crept ever westward, establishing Fort St. James, Fort Fraser, and Fort George, they merely extended the already lengthy, expensive and unwieldy transportation route. And it was the same story when, under David Thompson, they broke over the Rockies into the valley of the Columbia. Though they built there at least four trading posts, no effort was made to utilize its westward-flowing current. The trade went and came to and from the east.

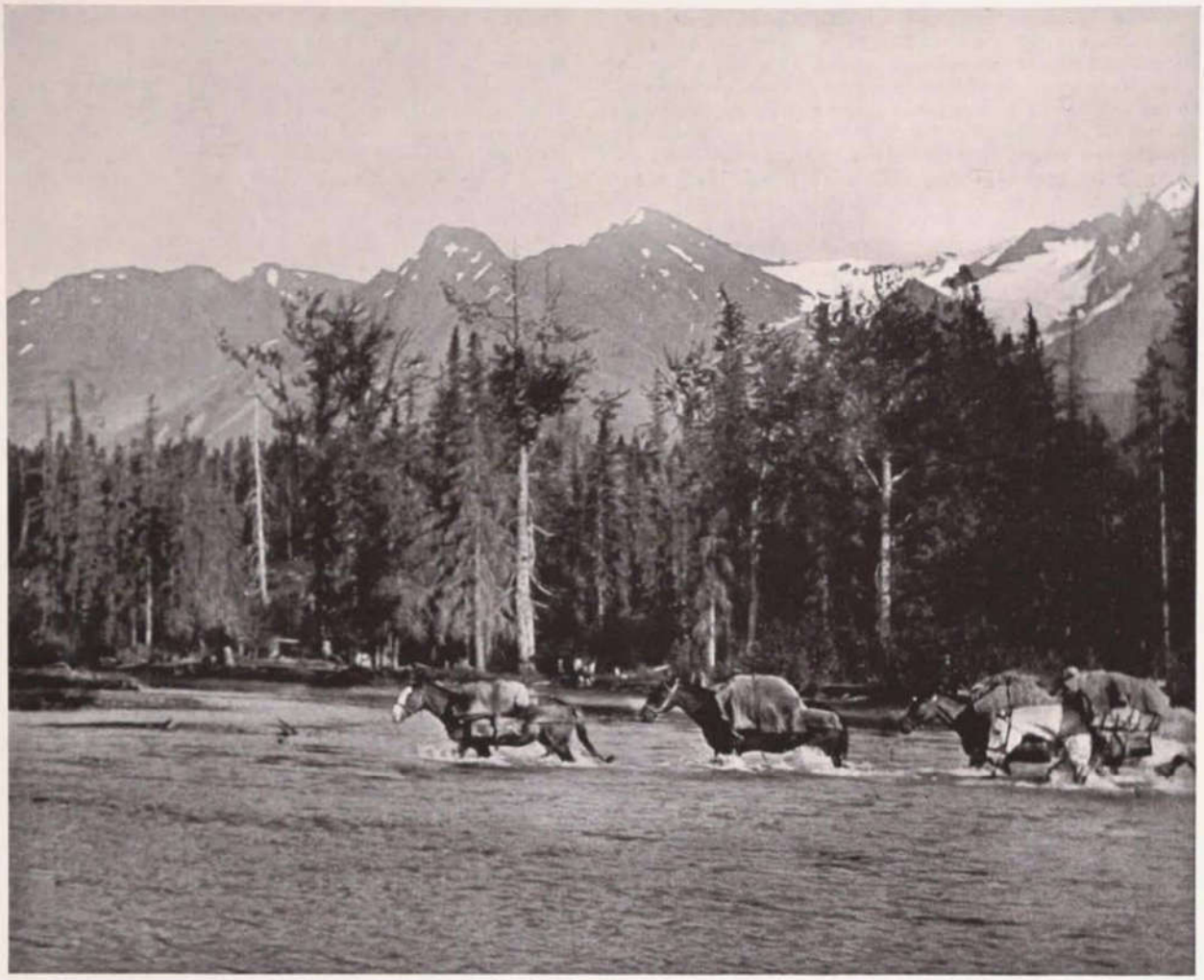
In 1807 Simon Fraser received instructions from them to explore to its mouth the river discovered by Mackenzie, then supposed to be a northerly tributary of the Columbia, but which we now know as the Fraser. His journey of the following year showed that river worthless as a trade route for New Caledonia, the name he had applied to the region around Fort St. James.

The Fraser having failed them, the Nor'westers, now thoroughly awakened to the terrific cost of supplying the posts on that river and the Columbia all the way from Montreal, sent David Thompson in 1810-11 to ascertain the possibility of utilizing the Columbia as the means of supplying those posts. Much nonsense has been written about Thompson's journey of 1810-11, his purpose of forestalling the Astorians at the Columbia mouth, and of an imaginary "race to the sea." The plain fact is that in 1810-11 no nation had any sovereignty of the Columbia region and in consequence no ownership nor exclusive right could arise in any person from mere priority of occupation. There was nothing to prevent the second comer from building where and as he pleased. Does anyone think for a moment that if Thompson had reached the Columbia mouth first the Astorians would thereby have been compelled to seek another location? This myth of a "race to the sea" originates in Franchère's statement made more than forty years afterwards when he was an old man. It has thrown so much dust in people's eyes that they have been unable to see that Thompson's purpose was to find a shorter route for the trade of the tramontane country.

As a result of Thompson's exploration the Nor' westers determined to bring the western trade, or at any rate a part of it, to the western ocean. Franchère in his *Narrative* (English version) records that in September, 1813, John George McTavish, in command of a flotilla of eight canoes loaded with furs of the North West Company, arrived at Astoria. This was visible evidence of their intention to use the Columbia as a highway of trade, regardless of the presence of the Astorians, though of course that did not prevent them from buying out their disheartened opponents at an advantageous figure.

The Astorians had built Fort Kamloops on the Thompson River; near at hand the Nor'westers had built Fort Shuswap. Fort Kamloops as well as the other Astorian trading posts passed over to their opponents, the North West Company, as a result of the transfer. But the great point is that when in 1813 the Nor'westers directed the trade of the Columbia valley westward, that of Kamloops took the same direction. Thus, as regards trading posts in British Columbia, the situation is that in 1813 and thereafter Kamloops sent out its furs and received its trading goods by way of the Columbia River. Bateaux were used between Astoria and Okanagan, and horses thence to Kamloops; the whole distance to the sea was only about six hundred miles. But all the forts of New Caledonia—St. James, Fraser and George—as well as McLeod and the other trading posts on the Peace, sent their furs out and received their trading goods by the old, overland way, probably four thousand miles in length, across the greatest width of the continent.

In May 1813, Harmon records in his *Journal* that John Stuart and a party were leaving Fort St. James to join John George McTavish and his company at some place on the Columbia River. He adds that should Stuart find a water communication between



The pack train fords a river.

the Fraser and the Columbia, the posts of New Caledonia would thereafter obtain their supplies from and send out their furs to the Pacific. But no such waterway could be found. Stuart, however, reported by letter from Okanagan Lake that he had descended the Fraser and then made his way overland for one hundred and fifty miles to that lake. Thereafter Harmon frequently mentions that couriers bearing letters passed between Fort St. James and Astoria.

An advance was made in October, 1814, when two canoes loaded with trading goods from the Columbia arrived at Fort St. James, having been two months in transit. No details of the route or the means of transport have been found. But as it occupied two months, which was the usual time for the brigade later established between Vancouver and St. James, and as the trail between Kamloops and Okanagan had been travelled for a year or two, it is a fair inference that this pioneer shipment of trade goods to New Caledonia had taken the well-beaten route between those points. It may also be surmised that whatever line was followed from Kamloops to the Fraser, it reached that river near the spot where Fort Alexandria was built some seven years later, because that point, known as Stilla, meaning "the end of navigation," marked the boundary of the Carrier territory.

At any rate the route between the Columbia River and Kamloops was becoming way-worn. In 1813, 1814 and 1815 the *Isaac Todd*, *Columbia* and *Colonel Allan* brought out to the Columbia River the annual supplies of trading goods; those destined for Kamloops were taken up the river as far as Fort Okanagan, whence they were carried by horses to their destination. But nothing was done to improve the transportation of New Caledonia; its goods and furs continued to come in and go out by the old eastern way. No one seemed to have energy enough to take hold and solve the problem—if a problem it could now be called. However in 1816 the Nor'westers awoke to the necessity of making some move to reduce the cost, danger and delay of the four-thousand-mile haul between Montreal and New Caledonia. Alexander Ross writes in his *Fur Hunters of the Far West* that the Council at Fort William had then resolved that New Caledonia,

"instead of being supplied with goods as formerly, from the east side, was in future to derive its annual supplies through the channel of the Columbia." But there were so many difficulties, real or imaginary, and so many obstacles were placed in the way by those in charge of the Company's western operations that, despite the order, from 1816 to 1821, things drifted along in the same old way and the trade of New Caledonia continued to move across the continent as it had from the beginning. Yet it was plain that almost anything would be better than that lengthy and terrible transport. Probably in anticipation of the carrying out of the plan of 1816, and doubtless for the extension of trade, Fort Alexander, as it was for a time locally called, or Alexandria as it is usually called, was built in 1821 on the east bank of the Fraser at the point where Mackenzie had turned back in 1793. Matters were in this shape when in March, 1821, the two companies that had been rivals in trade but allies in danger for nearly forty years were united under the name of the Hudson's Bay Company. The new company from 1821 to 1826 continued the same expensive trade route to New Caledonia. There was, however, this excuse for it: that the union had placed so many burdens upon the Governor, George Simpson, that the far west simply had to wait.

In 1824 the Governor found leisure to visit the tramontane region. Among the problems that awaited him was the transportation to and from New Caledonia. Simpson decided this region should be attached to the Columbia Department; and to make the attachment real, in the following year, at the suggestion it would seem of John Stuart, he settled upon a water route from Stuart Lake to Fort Alexandria, thence by pack animals to Kamloops, and on to the Columbia at Fort Okanagan, and from that point by water to Fort Vancouver. In doing this Simpson followed the line that John Stuart had blazed in 1813, that the couriers had been travelling for years, and that the Nor'westers' Council in 1816 ordered adopted.

In pursuance of the Governor's orders John Work records in his diary for August, 1826, that he purchased in the Spokane country fifty-nine horses to be used in the transport from Okanagan to Alexandria. The volume of New Caledonia business may be judged from the fact that in 1826 it consisted of one hundred and two packs of ninety pounds each. This was the beginning of the New Caledonia brigade.

The journey of the brigade from Astoria or from Fort Vancouver occupied about sixty days. The distance was some twelve hundred miles, of which the land portion—the brigade trail—from Okanagan on the Columbia to Alexandria on the Fraser represented five hundred miles. The line of the brigade trail is given in detail by F. M. Buckland in the sixth report of the Okanagan Historical Society. In a general way it followed the easterly side of the Okanagan River to the head of Osoyoos Lake, where it crossed and continued in a northerly course to the shore of Okanagan Lake a few miles south of the present Peachland, thence along the lake shore to the head of the lake, and in a westerly direction by way of Grand Prairie to Kamloops. In 1826 Fort Kamloops was still on the easterly side of the North Thompson. From Kamloops the trail originally led up that side of the river to The Traverse, and thence in a roughly northwest course by

Horses and caravans of later days travelled along the precarious brigade trails.

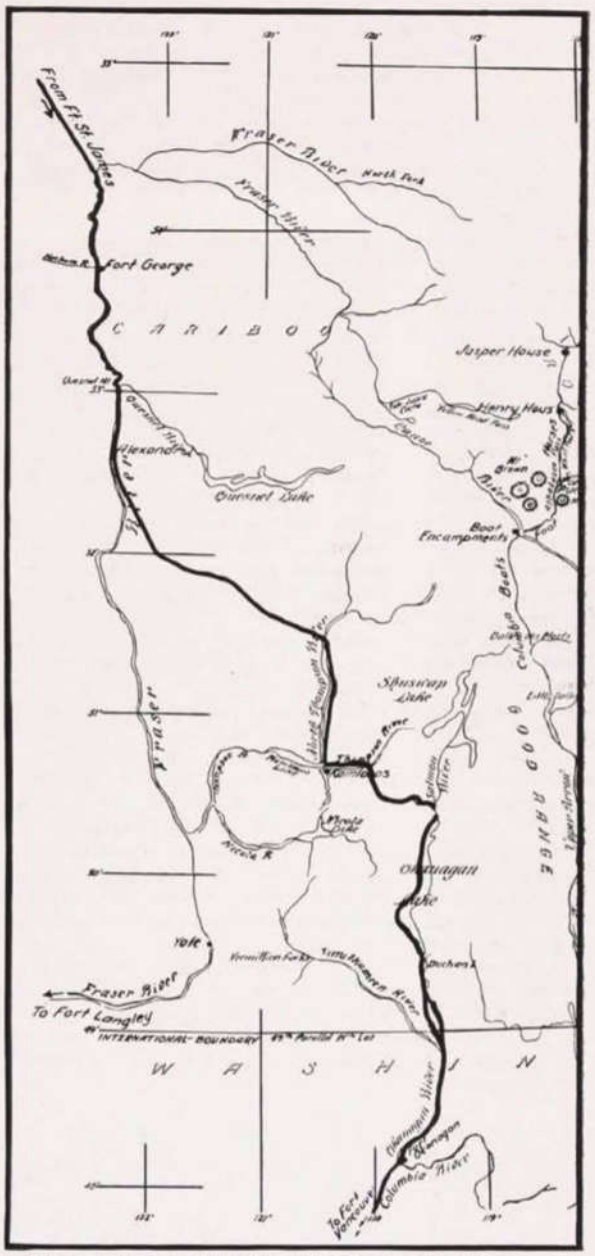
Fort St. James, oldest permanent settlement in British Columbia, established by Nor'westers in 1806.

Bridge Creek, Lac la Hache, and Williams Lake to Fort Alexandria. After 1842, when Kamloops was removed to the westerly side of the North Thompson, the route was changed to follow the Thompson River and the north side of Kamloops Lake, thence northerly to connect with the old route.

From its establishment in 1826 until the outbreak of the Cayuse war in Oregon in 1848 the trade of New Caledonia went in and out by this channel. It was the recognition of the fact that the trade of the west should find outlet to the west, not to the east. As soon as navigation opened each spring a brigade of canoes left Fort St. James with the furs collected in that vicinity, picked up in its descent those from Fort Fraser and Fort George, and proceeded to Fort Alexandria, where the returns from that post and Chilcotin were added. There they were transferred to horses, and the long land transport began. At Kamloops the furs from that region were picked up and the brigade continued on its way to Fort Okanagan. Frequently the brigade numbered more that four hundred horses. "A beauti-

Old type bateaux used on navigable rivers along the brigade route.

ful sight," says Malcolm McLeod, "was that horse brigade, with no broken hacks in the train, but every animal in his full beauty of form and colour, and all so tractable—more tractable than anything I ever knew in civilized life." When in motion the brigade stretched over a space of a mile or more in length—an imposing sight. It travelled on a regular schedule, subject to the ordinary vicissitudes of the service. It was the great connection with the outside world. By it went out the traders' letters and by it were brought from far away friends and dear ones the anxiously looked for replies six months old and more. Perhaps a year and a half would intervene between the sending of the letter and the trader receiving a reply. By the brigade came also those scanty supplies of *douceurs:* sugar, tea, flour, butter (depending of course upon the location of the trading post) and, naturally, a quantity of the trader's favourite whisky. John Tod has left a graphic picture of the bustle and excitement when the brigade reached his lonely station on



The route between the Columbia River and Fort St. James.

McLeod Lake. And no vivid imagination is needed to realize the eagerness with which the arrival of the brigade was awaited, and the pleasure—the sorrow, too—that its advent brought. Its arrival, outward-bound, and its return were the big events of the trader's year. All his life was fitted into them.

After 1848, owing to a number of causes, of which the chief was the war between the United States and the Cayuse Indians, the brigade trail was deflected at Kamloops, first to Yale, and later to Hope on the Fraser; but that, as Kipling would have said, is another story.

Indian Sketches

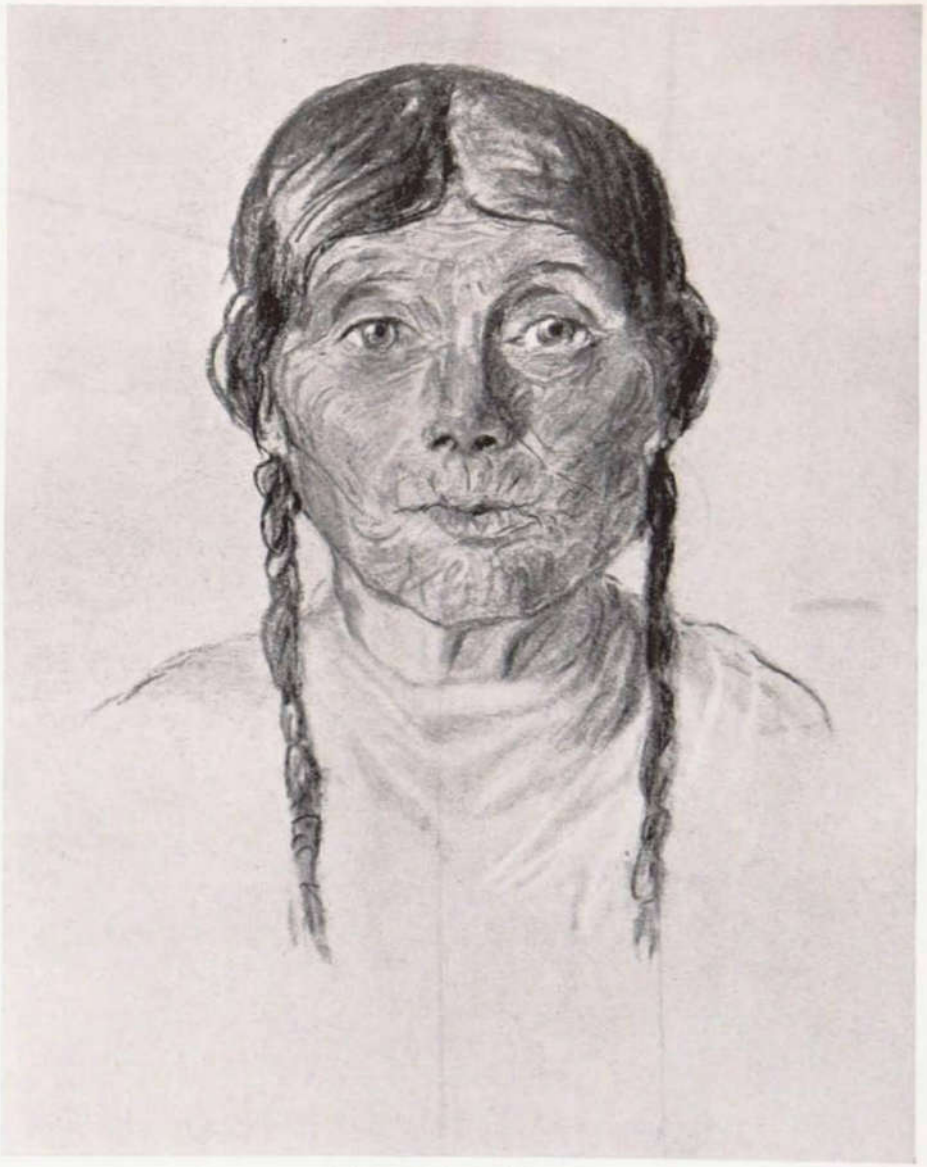
By KATHLEEN SHACKLETON

JOE CROWFOOT

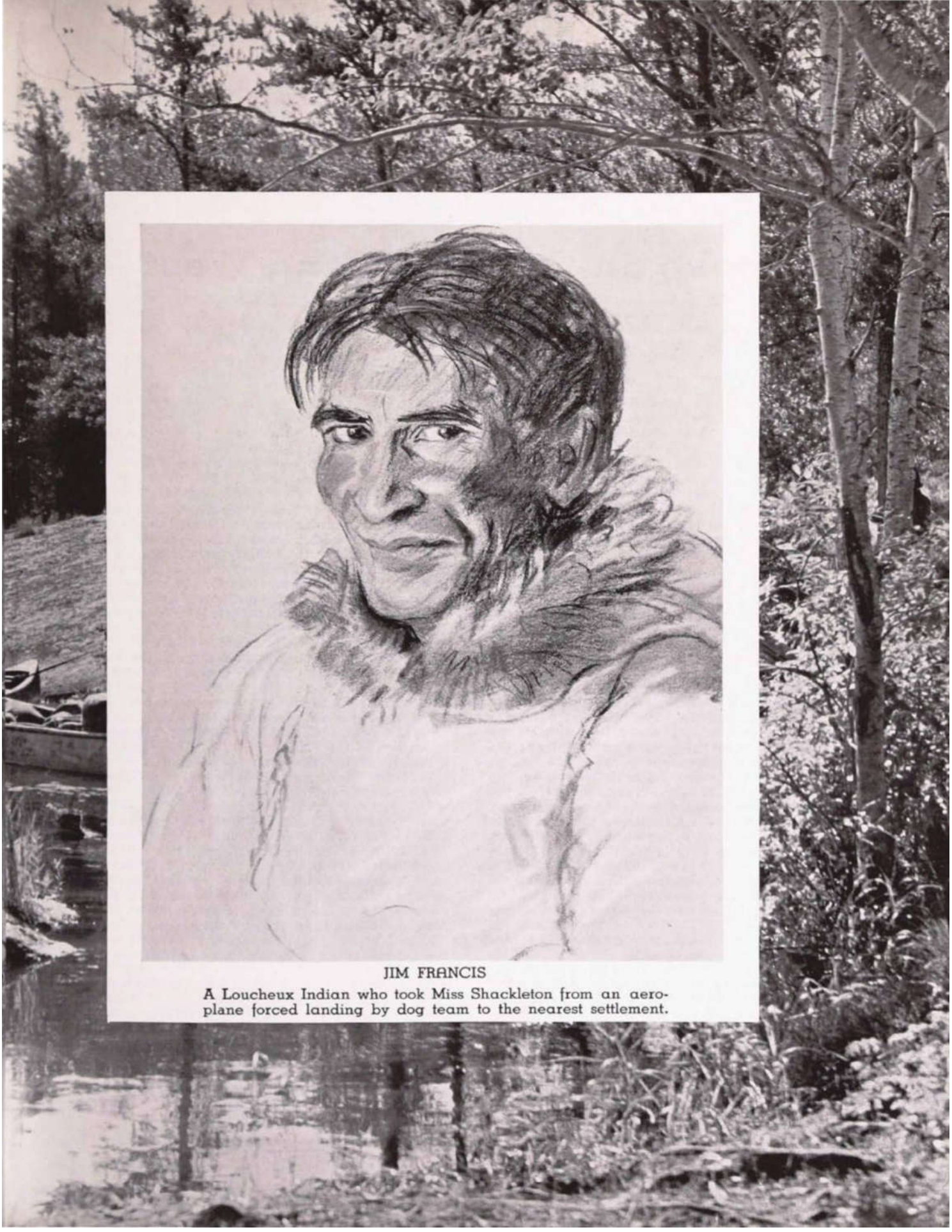
Grandson of the famous Chief Crowfoot who signed the treaty with the British at Fort McLeod in 1874.

JONAS LAVIOLETTE

Chief of the Chipewyan Indians.



MRS. HEAVY SHIELD
Wife of a minor Blackfoot Chief.



JIM FRANCIS

A Loucheux Indian who took Miss Shackleton from an aeroplane forced landing by dog team to the nearest settlement.

Books on the North and West

"The Royal Canadian Mounted Police," by R. C. Fetherstonhaugh, Carrick & Evans Inc., New York, 322 pages, 16 illustrations, 5 maps. $3.75.

An authoritative history of the Royal Canadian Mounted Police must always be of interest to men of the Hudson's Bay Company, for ever since the founding of the famous force in 1873, the two have worked side by side on the frontiers of the Canadian north and west. Together they have sought to insinuate the revolutionary forces of civilization as peaceably as possible into the primitive lives of Indian and Eskimo, and together they have succeeded.

Even before the Force was dreamed of, the Company was doing its best to preserve law and order in the vast domain it ruled under the Royal Charter. But when Rupert's Land was ceded to the Crown, its authority vanished, and miscreants went almost scot free. As Butler wrote in his famous report on conditions after 1870 in the west, "the wrong-doer does not appear to violate any law, because there is no law to violate."

As soon as the Company's licence was abolished, whisky traders flocked in from the south and began to demoralise the Indians with plenty of cheap liquor. The Red Man, comparatively peaceful for many years under the fatherly rule of a Company who knew that sober Indians made better hunters, soon became openly rebellious. Finally, as a climax to the mounting tide of lawlessness, came the report that a group of American traders had slaughtered a large party of Stonies on Canadian soil—and the Canadian Government was powerless to do anything about it.

As a consequence, the Force was organized in 1873 as the North West Mounted Police. One hundred and fifty men and their officers were rushed out to the Hudson's Bay Company's Lower Fort Garry in the fall. Next summer they were joined by over two hundred more, and in two divisions marched away across the prairies, one stopping at various Company forts on the way.

"They were charged," as Mr. Fetherstonhaugh writes, "with the duty of occupying the land in the name of the Dominion Government, establishing law and maintaining order wherever the need should arise, gaining the friendship and submission of the Indian tribes, establishing the validity of the international frontier, suppressing the illicit traffic of the whisky traders, and preparing the way for the advent of an ordered civilization." And how bravely and efficiently they carried out this immense task is strikingly shown in the present book.

They were lucky from the start in being led by men well grounded in the fine traditions of the British Army; and upon this foundation, their own superb traditions were soon built up, and have endured to this day. Although Mr. Fetherstonhaugh is concerned with cold facts, rather than with any romantic embellishment of them, his book does nothing to destroy the popular impression of the Police as a body of supermen who habitually achieve the seemingly impossible.

He takes us from the earliest days when pacification of the Indians was their main concern, through the era of C.P.R. construction, to the Rebellion of 1885. Then, peace being established, he traces the expansion of their sphere of activities north, east, and west—to Hudson Bay in 1890, to Lesser Slave Lake in 1893, to the Yukon in 1895, and up the great Mackenzie in 1897. There are thrilling tales of the maintenance of law and order among the fractious miners of the Klondike, as well as among the wild young braves of the prairies, wherein figure such notorious desperadoes as "Soapy" Smith, the American, and Almighty Voice, the Cree murderer, who had to be blasted out of a wood with shells.

Then comes the South African War, in which many officers and men served with distinction. In 1903 the most northerly police post in the world is established on Herschel Island, and in the same year, the force builds its first Hudson Bay post at Fullerton. This is followed by one at Churchill. In 1908, Canadian jurisdiction is affirmed in the great lonely land that lies between the Mackenzie and the Bay by a patrol that pushes eastward from Great Slave Lake to Chesterfield

Inlet. In 1911, a detachment is sent to the Coronation of George V. And three years later comes the Great War.

During the four troubled years that follow, the experience and services of the Force are needed at home more than at the front. But in the critical spring of 1918, a call for more cavalry is flashed across the seas, and nearly 800 of the R.C.M.P. are transferred to the C.E.F. Another body leaves for Siberia, and the strength at home is reduced to 303—less than at any time since the foundation.

With the signing of the Armistice, the fate of the Force hangs in the balance but from Ottawa comes the order that it is to be reorganized with a strength of 1200, and to become the sole Dominion police force in all Western Canada.

The wisdom of this decision is amply shown in 1919 when the Mounted Police are called on to deal with the Winnipeg General Strike. The account of their battle with the crowds on June 21 is one of the most thrilling in the whole book. It is as different as it well could be from the tales of long and lonely man-hunts in the Arctic wastes, yet through it all the men in scarlet are seen to be upholding those same traditions of cool courage and restraint in the face of death that have made their name a byword among millions.

After the War, the Force was largely mechanized—much to the sorrow of the old-timers; but although in ensuing years headquarters were removed to Ottawa, and even the name was changed, the Police continued to fulfil their duties throughout every province in Canada. The scope of their activities was enlarged, and today the men, sometimes in scarlet, but more often in khaki or blue or plain clothes, are still grappling with organized crime—on city street, or woodland trail; over green prairie or Arctic ice field; along rushing river or stormy coast. Neither must the humanitarian side of their activities be forgotten. The last of the many deeds of heroism told in the book is the story of the rescue of the captain and crew of the H B C motor schooner *Fort James* by the R.C.M.P. on board the *St. Roch*.

So the book begins and ends with R.C.M.P. and H B C men together on the frontier—at the Lower Fort in '73, and on the Arctic coast in '37. Even in the authorship the Company has played its part, for it has supplied several of the illustrations, and it was Douglas MacKay who suggested that the author should write the book. Mr. Fetherstonhaugh was fortunate in having the script read and approved by the late Commissioner, Sir James MacBrien, shortly before his death; and he is to be congratulated on producing so readable and authoritative a record, in which not only the history, but also the spirit, of the Force has been set down.—C.P.W.

"Marcus Whitman, M.D., Pioneer and Martyr," by C. M. Drury, Ph.D., the Caxton Printers Ltd., Caldwell, Idaho, 45 illustrations, one map.

Marcus Whitman, M.D., pioneer and martyr of the Pacific north-west, is the subject of an almost completely documented biography by Clifford M. Drury, Ph.D. Through nearly five hundred pages, commendably complete with appendices, bibliography, and index, the virtues and flaws of the Oregon missionary and his gentle wife peer from a rich collection of letters and documents that are allowed to speak for themselves.

It is little more than a century since the Whitmans and their fellow missionaries established themselves among the Indians of the lower Columbia River and its tributary the Walla Walla. Their names are revived elsewhere in this issue by Douglas MacKay.

Dr. Drury tells his story in letters he could have garnered only after years of painstaking research. They reveal more clearly than could the usual biographer what an insurmountable task the redoubtable Marcus Whitman set himself. Whitman was not only doctor, but also clergyman, pioneer farmer, machinist, teacher, and national expansionist. He it was who must lead early settlers over the Old Oregon Trail and see that the first wagons crossed the mountains; he raised provisions and sold them to the newcomers; sheltered the hungry, weary travellers; adopted the bereaved children. Through it all he prosecuted the work of his mission, and regularly attended the pathetic "General Assembly" organized with his fellow missionaries, whose affairs temporal at times dimmed the high purpose of their spiritual aims.

It is apart from the purpose of the Whitman biography, but important in the history of a deeply troubled quarter century, that Hudson's Bay Company posts, especially Fort Vancouver, gave material and spiritual aid to natives and passers-by. When Indians massacred fourteen members of the Whitman mission, forty-seven survivors owed their safety to Peter Skene Ogden and the Hudson's Bay Company.

Dr. Drury's book is published by The Caxton Printers, Limited, and distributed in Canada by Copp Clark Company, Limited.

"Hell on Ice," by Commander Edward Ellsberg, Dodd Mead & Co., New York, 421 pages, one map. $2.75.

"Hell on Ice"—Commander Ellsberg's version of the Arctic voyage of the *Jeanette* in 1879—quickly jumped into the best-seller class of books, another example of the fascination the north holds for people. The United States was comparatively slow in joining the rush of the nineteenth century to discover the northern world. Sympathy for Franklin had led to some four expeditions from that country, but on the whole Americans were content to remain out of a business that proved so costly in men and ships. The *Jeanette* expedition, provisioned for three years, was financed by the proprietor of the *New York Herald*, Mr. Bennett, and was also proclaimed by Congress, a government undertaking. The party under George Washington De Long, added nothing to the sum of Arctic knowledge.

What it did accomplish was to give to the world an undying story of the courage of men, a story which happily has now been skilfully re-told by Commander Ellsberg.

Sometimes it was a courage with hope; more often it was in the constant shadow of death, for De Long at least knew how tenuous was the chance that any of his party would reach Siberia. His last act was to throw the silken ensign his wife had embroidered where the first comer would find it; and his journal's last words noted the birthday of a man who had been a thorn in the flesh of the party from the day the ship left San Francisco. It is a brave book, overwritten in spots, but not to be missed.

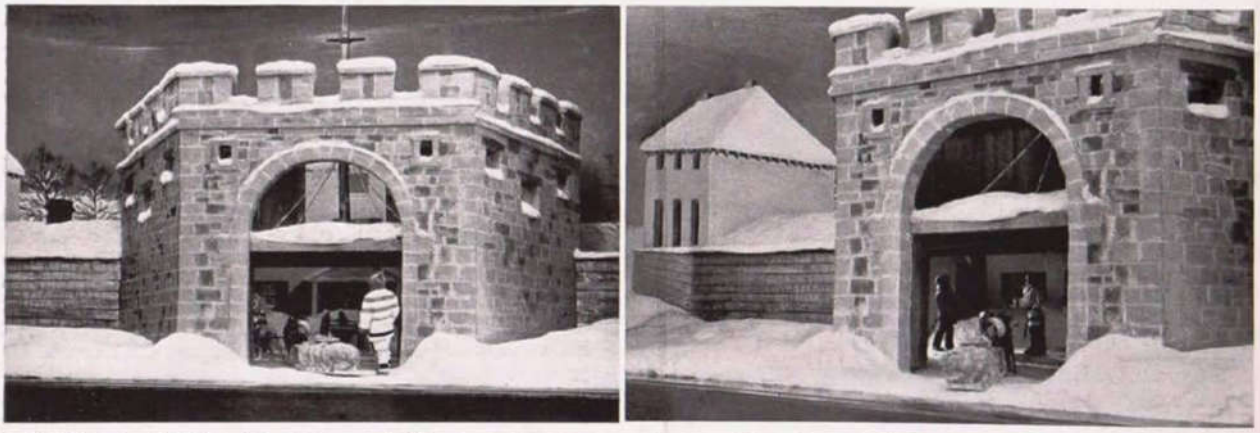
THE NEWS REEL

Post Manager and Mrs. W. P. Johnson, Kathleen Shackleton, and Larry Hooper in winter garb at Aklavik, where Miss Shackleton spent January.

Winter comes too soon, and this native must hurry to finish his long snowshoes. The knife he is using has an old-fashioned curved blade. Picture by C. A. Keefer, Fort Rae.

First spring freight arrives at little Grand Rapids from Berens River on Lake Winnipeg.

At Little Grand Rapids Saulteaux Indians use a crude drum in their dances.



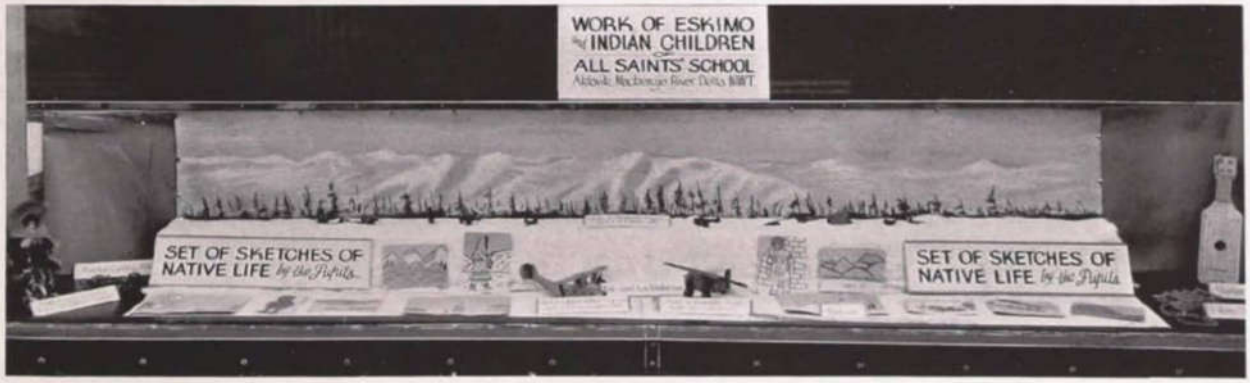
In the Historical Exhibit of the Company's Winnipeg Store is a new diorama. The subject is, "The Winter Packet from York Factory Arriving at Fort Garry." It shows the old north-west gate of Upper Fort Garry, which is still standing, the Governor's residence with the cannon in front, and the post buildings along the side. Two men accompanied the packet, one to break trail, and the other to steer and control the dogs. All details of costume and colour and equipment are complete down to dog collars and harness, and tiny snowshoes.

Grey nuns give noble service in the far north.

Captured at Obijuan post and later released, this Fishing Eagle, was believed to have caused the death of three, and the illness of many more natives. Indians believe that to capture or kill these birds is an offence punishable by the Big Manitou.

Winnipeg Training School Fur Trade Apprentices learning to grade furs, under the direction of Manager J. Runcie, in the background.

Retiring this month from the Fur Trade is John Henry, one of the few remaining links with old times. He is travelling from Halifax on the new "Fort Ross" as purser for the voyage through the Panama to Vancouver.



First diorama in the Historical Exhibit. The subject is the Spanish Brigade leaving Fort Vancouver for the Company's post at Yerba Buena, now San Francisco, in California.

M. Cowan, Manager, James Bay District, at Lansdowne House. Picture by Mike DeBlicquy, Canadian Airways Limited.

A. J. Gilbert, recently transferred from Winnipeg Store to the office of the General Manager of Retail Stores Department, Hudson's Bay House, making a farewell speech at the Store.

J. M. S. McLeod, manager of Stanley post in Saskatchewan, holding a live porcupine.

Indian Hunters arriving at Fort Wrigley with a canoe full of dried fish. The dogs running alongside are used for packing across portages and in the bush country.

The S.S. "Distributor" at Hay River on Great Slave Lake.

LONDON OFFICE NEWS

During the last three months we have had the pleasure of seeing many of our Canadian colleagues. First among our visitors have been Mr. R. J. Gourley and Mr. C. S. Riley, members of the Canadian Committee, who have not been in London for some years, and Mr. P. A. Chester, General Manager for Canada.

The Buying Office has had visits from the following members of the Retail Stores Department, who have been making the usual buying trips to Europe: Messrs. Joy, Sharpe, Thurston, Hamilton, Horwood, Watson and Mrs. Campbell, of Winnipeg. Messrs. Rae, Rumsey, Dunn, Ball, Dale and Miss Heimann, of Vancouver. Mr. Johnson, and Miss Wheeler, of Calgary.

We have also been glad to see Miss Archer, of the Canadian Committee Office, and Mr. J. O. Kimpton, of the Fur Trade Commissioner's Office, who have been over here on holiday.

Mr. G. B. Wright, of the Canadian Fur Trade Department, returned to Canada at the beginning of April, having completed a course of fur grading in the warehouse.

On the 26th April, the Annual General Court of the Company was held in Beaver Hall and was followed by a luncheon at which the Governor entertained the directors, members of the Canadian Committee and heads of departments. Messrs. W. C. Job, S. H. Murley and G. Hoffman Fraser were also present.

On the 22nd April, the Governor and Committee gave their annual luncheon to the Rhodes Scholars from Canada and Newfoundland who are now in residence at Oxford University. The principal guest was the Rt. Hon. L. S. Amery, M.P., and speeches were made by him and the Governor. A number of other distinguished guests were present, including directors and officials of the Company, and the following Rhodes Scholars: Messrs. H. D. Clark, J. G. Davoud, J. L. Delisle, D. C. Duffie, C. B. Fergusson, A. C. Findlay, E. D. Fulton, R. Gaudry, H. D. Hicks, J. S. Hodgson, J. T. Howley, G. Ignatieff, A. J. Johnson, C. Labrecque, H. B. Mayo, J. B. Reid, A. C. Smith, J. M. Teakles, and I. G. Wahn.

On the 3rd February, the Governor presided over the Annual Dinner of the London Fur Trade Association, at which the principal guest was the Rt. Hon. Sir Stanley Jackson, G.C.S.I., G.C.I.E.

On the 29th April, the Governor left London for Rhodesia as a member of the Royal Commission which is to consider the question of closer co-operation or association between Southern Rhodesia, Northern Rhodesia and Nyasaland.

During the past three months the Archives have been visited by Mr. W. J. Watson, Mr. W. Horwood, Miss Archer, and Mr. J. M. Stanners of Ungava District. Professor Marcel Giraud has continued his researches into the Company's Archives, his subject being the history of the half-breeds in the western provinces of Canada.

THE FUR TRADE

Fur Trade Commissioner's Office

Two more links with the past have been severed recently in the retirement of James Cantley and John Henry. Mr. Cantley resigned from the service in March after twenty-three years' service and returned with Mrs. Cantley to Scotland. The staff of Ungava District presented Mr. Cantley with a parting gift, and the good wishes of all his many friends throughout the Fur Trade accompany them both. Mr. Cantley's service commenced at Lake Harbour post, where he was apprentice with Mr. Parsons, the present Fur Trade Commissioner, and he had been in Winnipeg since 1931.

John Henry retired on pension in May after twenty-nine years' service. He entered the Company in 1909 as clerk in the Winnipeg Head Office. He was attached to the Export Agency in New York and Montreal which bought supplies for the French Government during the War. He has been with the F.T.C.O. at Winnipeg since 1930. Mr. Henry will make his home near Vancouver, and is proceeding there via Halifax and the Panama Canal. He will sail on the Company's new schooner *Fort Ross* from Halifax to Vancouver, which provides a fitting wind-up for his long service.

Ralph Parsons, Fur Trade Commissioner, has recently visited several of the line posts in Superior-Huron District, also Regina and Edmonton. In May he went to Toronto, Ottawa and Montreal, and from there to Halifax for the launching of the *Fort Ross*.

H. W. Brewer, an old and valued member of the Winnipeg Depot staff, has been in ill health for some time. He is undergoing an operation, following which Mr. Brewer's friends throughout the Fur Trade hope for his speedy recovery.

May has been a busy month in our Depots. Annual supplies for the northern posts have been in course of assembly for shipment at the opening of navigation. Bales and boxes addressed with the familiar outfit numbers, post and district marks have been piling up and will soon commence their long trek by many means of transportation to isolated destinations.

D. Robertson, Fur Trade Controller, and H. P. Warne, Superintendent of Fur Purchasing Agencies, visited Montreal in April and Edmonton in May.

H. E. Cooper, Merchandise Manager, was in Baie Comeau in February.

Captain T. F. Smellie is at present in Bridgewater, Nova Scotia, in connection with the completion of the *Fort Ross*. From there he goes to Halifax to prepare the *Nascopie* for her northern voyage, which commences at Montreal July 9, returning to Halifax September 30.

The trapping season at the Company's Steep Rock Muskrat Marsh passed off successfully with a large increase in the number of rats trapped. Quality of the pelts was of a very high average. Water levels on the Marsh are higher than usual, and a good year for growth of aquatic and marsh vegetation is expected. This has a very important bearing on the success of the ranch. Mr. Blowey is optimistic regarding its future.

W. O. Douglas reports everything going satisfactorily at the Bird's Hill Fur Farm. Fox and mink puppies have been arriving steadily. Of great interest are the two litters of fisher (three in each) which were born at the farm this spring. After several years of experiment, these are the first litters to be born where the parents were mated in captivity. The families are doing well.

J. A. Watson has joined the Fur Trade staff and will concentrate on the study of buildings problems throughout the North. He will visit a number of the districts this year to see local conditions at the posts.

W. M. Conn, who retired in December, has now arrived home in Northern Ireland after his trip around the world. He had a thoroughly enjoyable trip, and we hear he is now building himself a small place not far from his brother Hugh in County Londonderry.

J. C. Donald is at present visiting the western provinces in connection with the fur consignment business. He will also attend his naval training in Esquimalt while in the West.

J. O. Kimpton has been home to England on furlough.

G. B. Wright has recently returned from a Fur Grading Course in London.

We now have a class of eleven prospective apprentice clerks undergoing a three-months course in the Training School. J. Runcie conducts the lectures on merchandising and fur grading, while S. G. L. Horner takes the radio and mechanics classes. George Morrison is in charge of carpentry, while various members of the Fur Trade staff give half-hour lectures on general fur trade subjects.

Three hours a week are devoted to meteorological instruction by D. C. Archibald, Department of Transport. Meteorological stations will definitely be established at Fort McKenzie and Fort Collinson, with the possible addition of

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OUTFIT 269 NUMBER 1

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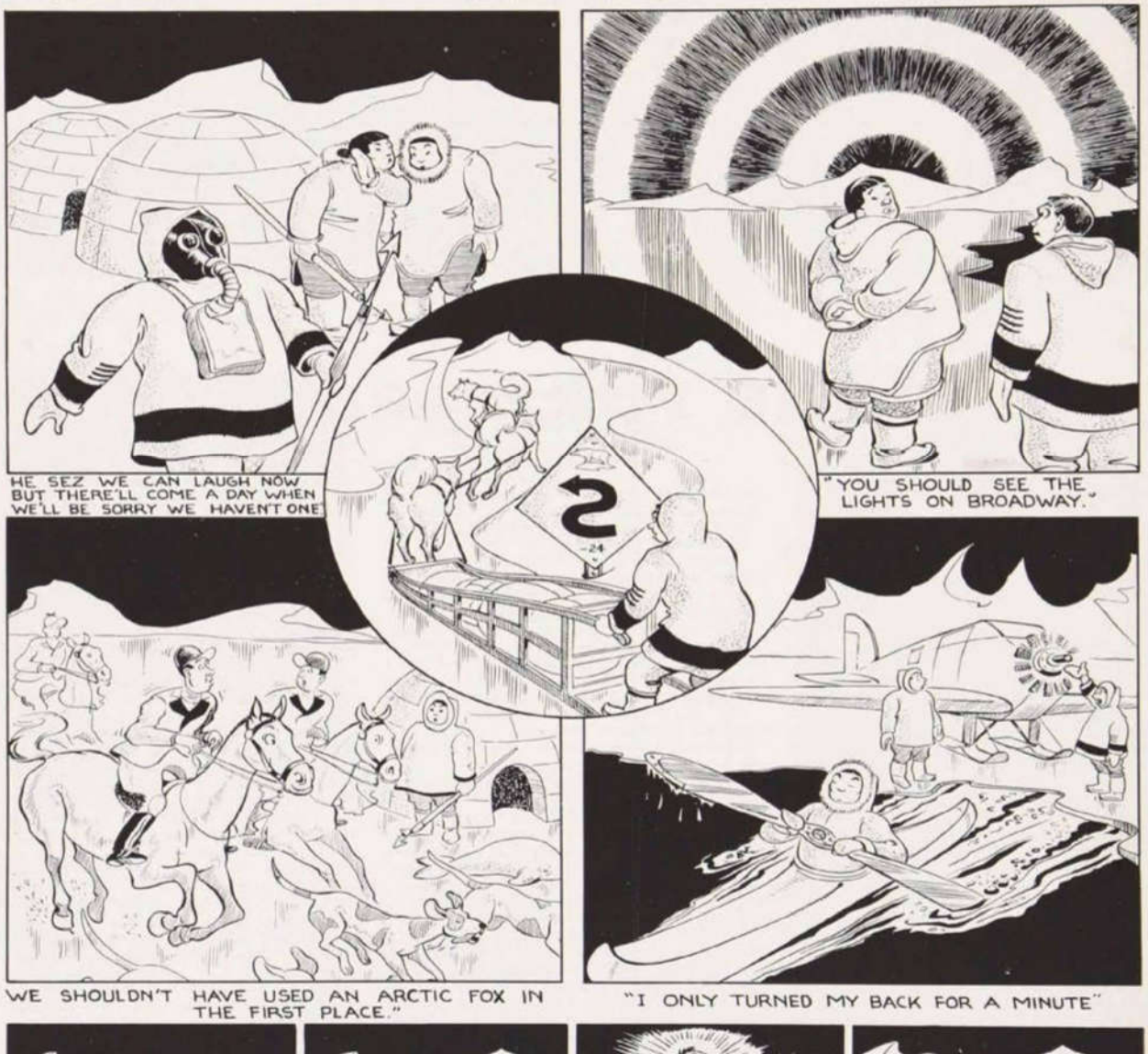
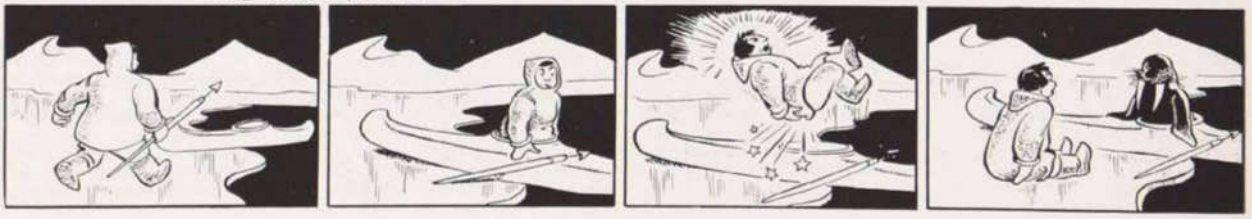

HE SEZ WE CAN LAUGH NOW BUT THERE'LL COME A DAY WHEN WE'LL BE SORRY WE HAVEN'T ONE
"YOU SHOULD SEE THE LIGHTS ON BROADWAY."
WE SHOULDN'T HAVE USED AN ARCTIC FOX IN THE FIRST PLACE."
"I ONLY TURNED MY BACK FOR A MINUTE"



Fort Ross. The new apprentices will go forward to their post in all districts during June and July.

We are definitely establishing fourteen new private H B C radio stations this year, and hope to increase this number to twenty-two, which will bring the total number of stations in operation under our own licenses to thirty, which gives us a very good coverage of practically the entire post organization.

Post managers attending refresher courses during the past quarter include M. L. Manning, J. M. Stanners and L. Coates of Ungava District, J. Copeland of British Columbia, E. E. Bates of James Bay, and Charles Reiach of Western Arctic District. These men have received training in various subjects, and have also helped with the apprentice classes by giving lectures dealing with different phases of life in the North.

T. Scurfield, who has been given special merchandise training at both Winnipeg and Yorkton retail stores, has now gone up to be assistant at the new post which is being established at Yellowknife.

Summer holidays are now beginning and each weekend one or more members of the staff is off for that long anticipated trip—east or west, south or sometimes north.

British Columbia District

Post Managers in British Columbia have taken a keen interest in short wave radio telegraphy, and already there are six sets with two-way communication operating in the District, most having been built by their owners. This means of communication has brought men who are hundreds of miles apart to feel as if they were next door neighbours, and very little of interest happens at a Post during the day which other Posts do not hear about in the evening. Amateurs in other Districts may be interested to know these stations, their call letters and location, viz.:

W. G. Crisp, VE5CU, Telegraph Creek
D. M. Cuthill, VE5HK, Hudson's Hope
J. Gregg, VE5ABF, Whitehorse
L.T.Kempple,VE5ADA,Fort Grahame
L. S. McBride, VE5JW, Dease Lake
James Ware, VE5ACL, Fort Ware.

W. H. Houston, Manager, Port Simpson Post, in addition to his regular duties as Post Manager, also fills the offices of Government Telegraph Agent, Wharfinger, Steamship Freight Agent, Wolf Bounty Officer, Member of the Church Board, Vice-President of the Literary Society, Justice of the Peace, has authority to issue gun licenses, and in addition is in demand as a vocalist at local concerts. Mr. Houston wishes to know whether this constitutes a record amongst Post Managers.

Word comes from Hazelton that Dr. Kilpatrick has been appointed Superintendent of Hazelton Hospital and that S. Mallinson, assistant to Captain Mortimer, Indian Agent at Hazelton, has been appointed to the position of Indian Agent at Massett, British Columbia.

Fort Ware Post Office was officially opened on March 13 and now receives air mail eight times a year. Post Manager James Ware, is the Postmaster.

J. Milne, District Manager, accompanied by H. L. Woolison, left Edmonton on February 14 for an inspection of the Athabasca section of the District, returning on March 23. They inspected Cold Lake, Wabasca, Little Red River and Outpost, Fort Vermilion and Outpost, Upper Hay River, Hay Lakes, Hudson's Hope, Fort St. John, Whitefish Lake, Sturgeon Lake.

The trip was made by aeroplane with perfect weather throughout, and no delays of any kind.

General conditions in the country visited were found to be poor due to the great scarcity of fur.

C. H. J. Winter of Ungava District relieved Mr. Woolison while he was absent on the inspection trip.

H. Gallagher, Post Manager at Wabasca, inspected Trout Lake Outpost in February, and Chipewyan Lake Outpost in March.

J. Copeland, having completed his apprenticeship, is now on furlough in Winnipeg, taking a refresher course at the Company's Training School.

Miss L. Murphy of Cold Lake Post spent a few busy days towards the end of March in our Retail Store here selecting Ladies' Ready-to-Wear and Children's Wear for Cold Lake and other Posts.

Robert Walker arrived at District Office on March 31, having spent a month or two on furlough in Scotland. He has been relieving at Hazelton Post, and will take charge at Kitwanga on June 1, where he will be joined by his wife and family.

O. E. Butterill, Manager of Hazelton Post, spent April in Vancouver, where he has been on a buying trip, fur grading course and holiday combined.

Port Simpson experienced a slight earthquake tremour on April 22, which shook several buildings but caused no damage.

Two dogs belonging to a trapper customer at Little Red River showed up at the Post on March 21. Our Manager went out on his trap-line to investigate and found him dead by the door of one of his cabins. The body, identified as that of Jack Bloker, was taken in a few days later by the police and buried at Little Red River. Apparently this is the first white man to be buried there.

The Right Reverend Bishop Geddes of the Yukon paid a visit to District Office while passing through on his way to Dawson.

Captain Cowley, of the Peace River Section of the Mackenzie River Transport, passed through on April 22 to prepare for the coming season's freighting. The first boat of the season left Peace River on May 3 for Vermilion Chutes.

On getting up early one morning in March, W. Glennie, Manager of our McDames Creek Post, was confronted with a pack of nine timber wolves right by the store door. This time the early bird did not get the early worm, as the wolves had disappeared before our man found his gun. Perhaps the early morning shock somewhat confused the otherwise alert Mr. Glennie!

Western Arctic District

Communication has been well maintained during the past few months by air mail and through the medium of Government radio stations and our private commercial stations at Cambridge Bay and King William Land. Encouraging reports have come from one or two points, but throughout the District generally trade has been on the quiet side.

Mail has also been received from outlying points such as Fort Collinson, Bathurst Inlet and Baillie Island. Members of the staff are all in excellent health.

E. H. Riddell and L. G. White arrived from Aklavik by plane in February. The former is at present on holiday in Scotland after undergoing a training course which included wireless telegraphy and weather observing. L. G. White has resigned from the service.

On April 2, C. Reiach was married to Miss Hazel Scurfield in Winnipeg. Immediately after the ceremony the newlyweds left by air for Minneapolis. Mr. and Mrs. Reiach will travel to their new home at Tuktuk by the Mackenzie River Transport. Mrs. Reiach is a sister of Tom Scurfield, formerly of Western Arctic District, now in Mackenzie-Athabasca.

Sir Hubert Wilkins paid us a visit on his return from Aklavik, having now abandoned his search for the lost Russian flyers.

The *Fort Ross* is nearing completion, and should be ready to sail from Lunenburg around the begining of June. All supplies for the Western Arctic have been routed by the Mackenzie River, and the *Fort Ross* will carry a complete load of reserves into the District from Vancouver.

We welcome Apprentice Owen Hansen to this District, and wish him every success in his work, which will include the operation of a new radio station and the duties of weather observation at Fort Collinson on Victoria Land.

Four new radio stations will be put into operation this year, at Tuktuk, Baillie Island, Bathurst Inlet and Fort Collinson. With Cambridge Bay and Perry River, where the King William Land station has been transferred, this gives Western Arctic six H B C radio stations.

Messrs. Reiach and Gall will return to the District in June and Mr. H. Spencer will take charge of Transport work at Tuktuk. O. M. Demment, late of Ungava District, will assist the District Manager on inspection this summer.

Mackenzie-Athabasca District

Chief Factor John Bartleman, District Manager, returned to Edmonton on March 10 after his winter inspection trip of the eastern section of the District.

We have recently had the pleasure of forwarding silver spoons from Mrs. Ashley Cooper to twin daughters of Mr. and Mrs. S. A. Keighley of Portage la Loche, to the daughter of Mr. and Mrs. R. G. B. Butchart of Goldfields, and to the daughter of Mr. and Mrs. W. G. MacKinnon of Snowdrift.

After a fairly mild winter, we are having an early spring. Around this part of the country there are many individual prospectors, mining concerns, large and small, and men of the type who are ready to try their luck in any newly opened territory, anxiously awaiting the time when they can proceed north by boat and aeroplane. The coming season promises to be a busy one for transportation concerns, whether their business is by land, water or air.

To avoid disputes regarding the location of mining claims, a joint survey has just been completed by the provincial governments of Alberta and Saskatchewan and the Federal Government of the Alberta-Saskatchewan-Northwest Territories boundary, north of Lake Athabasca.

Just now Yellowknife, Great Slave Lake, is the lodestone attracting attention. The Canadian Bank of Commerce has opened a branch, and a druggist is prepared to alleviate the ailments of trappers and prospectors who have adhered too long to a diet of beans and salt pork. A barrister is on hand to help settle any differences of opinion which may arise. When the Company raises its flag over the buildings we are about to erect, the new settlement may be considered complete.

During the past few months a series of unusually vivid displays of Northern Lights have been seen in Western Canada. The displays of many coloured streamers have been watched in awe from Edmonton to the rim of the Arctic Ocean, but the beautiful phenomena has resulted in frequent and prolonged interruption to radio-telegraphic and broadcasting services throughout the North.

Almost the last of roaming bands of redmen in the West, Indians around Rocky Mountain House have requested the Department of Indian Affairs to hold a pow-wow, as many of the former nomads feel that the time has come for them to consider the benefit of taking treaty and having land set aside for their exclusive use. The original band sought refuge in Canada from the United States many years ago, and has since been augmented by Cree and Chipewyan Indians retreating before encroaching civilization. The founders of the band formerly traded at Fort Edmonton and its Outpost at Rocky Mountain House.

One of the most popular out-door sports in Edmonton just now is watching work proceeding on what will be the basement of the new retail store. Small boys and grey-bearded seniors alike seek points of vantage from which they may watch the mysteries of excavation and concrete laying.

Mackenzie River Transport

We welcome Miss D. Whitridge, who joined our staff as operator of book-keeping machine early in March, and J. W. Barker, Supervising Engineer.

R. H. Chesshire visited Vancouver on business of the department during March.

The arrival of Messrs. Chesshire and Ryan at Waterways on May 4 and 7 respectively, completed removal of the Transport Office from Winnipeg to Waterways for the season's operations.

R. C. Ingram is temporarily attached to this department as representative of the Fur Trade Controller.

J. A. Davis left Winnipeg on March 20 to supervise the extensive construction programme of new boats and repairs to existing equipment. Construction programme includes two new 200-ton barges on upper river (Nos. 206 and 207), one new 300-ton barge (No. 302), and M.S. *Beaver Lake*, a new twin screw tug for service on the Goldfields run. In addition, the M.S. *Pelly Lake* has been fitted with diesel engines of 120 h.p. each.

On the lower river 350-ton barges are to be constructed in connection with the freighting of supplies to Yellowknife, both from Waterways and Norman Oil Wells, the hauling of bulk fuel oil being the chief feature of the latter.

Extensive repairs are being carried out to the hull of S.S. *Distributor*, whilst the engines of the M.S. *Hearne Lake* are to be replaced by units of greater power.

Loading facilities at Waterways and Fort Smith will be modernized.

The S.S. *Mackenzie River* will be placed in commission this year to augment service on the lower river.

Every indication pointed to an early break-up of the ice this year, for which reason plans for the opening of navigation were advanced. The M.S. *Pelly Lake* was the first boat to proceed north, leaving at 11.00 a.m. on May 8, with two hundred and fifty tons on two barges. She followed the ice to Fitzgerald.

The S.S. *Northland Echo* arrived at Waterways on May 8, and left for Fitzgerald with the two recently completed barges 206 and 207.

Unfortunately, the stage of water in the Athabasca River is exceptionally low for this time of year, adding to the difficulties of moving the large quantities of freight which have to be taken into the north this year.

Saskatchewan District

R. A. Talbot, District Manager, spent the opening months of the year inspecting posts on the eastern side of the District, returning to Winnipeg early in March. Island Lake, Gisipigmack, God's Lake, Oxford House, Cross Lake, Norway House and Rossville Posts were visited. Posts' staffs were wintering well, despite the general scarcity of fur in this section.

The return trip from Norway House was made without a stop, due to the fact that young Billy Turpel, eldest son of Dr. and Mrs. W. N. Turpel, had to be rushed to hospital in Winnipeg. The lad was particularly cheerful on the trip in, and stood the journey remarkably well. After two weeks' stay in the Winnipeg General Hospital he returned home with his mother. We trust that he is making rapid strides towards recovery.

E. W. Hampton and Dr. Sheffield at Oxford House have become keen radio enthusiasts, and both expect to obtain their amateur licenses.

The Company has entered into an unique undertaking on behalf of the United States Department of Agriculture and Minnesota State Conservation Department, viz., to capture ten live Woodland Caribou, yearlings or calves of this year, for shipment to a large refuge in northern Minnesota, where the remnants of the last band of Woodland Caribou in the United States is located. The refuge is being fenced with a wolf-proof fence and all possible steps are being taken to build up this herd and save it from extinction.

On securing the necessary permission from the Saskatchewan Government to capture the ten animals, the work was delegated to the natives at several of the posts. A substantial reward was offered for each caribou caught alive and delivered to an American game warden at Prince Albert.

We have not yet ascertained the method employed in the capture of the caribou, but believe they were snared. To date four animals have been secured.

Only one herd, comprising four Woodland Caribou, now remains in the entire United States, and it is to replenish this band that we are giving assistance in procuring the necessary stock.

Their many friends throughout the District will join with us in extending hearty congratulations to Mr. and Mrs. William Mitchell on the birth of a daughter at Prince Albert on 5th April. Mrs. Mitchell and baby returned to Lac La Ronge on 24th April.

Congratulations also to Mr. and Mrs. W. W. Lowrie, who were married at Flin Flon on 21st April and proceeded to Pelican Narrows on April 25. Mrs. Lowrie was formerly Miss L. Clements of Pine Falls.

We welcome to Saskatchewan District the following apprentices who successfully graduated from the Training School and have been assigned for duty at various posts during the past two months: D. C. Thacker, W. M. Garnett, B. M. May, J. E. Walker and J. J. McPhail.

J. M. S. Macleod of Stanley Post had the misfortune to freeze his feet on February 16 last, as the result of which he is still confined to hospital in Prince Albert. It was at first thought that this condition, although painful, was not serious and would respond to treatment, but amputation of several toes has been necessary, resulting in a prolonged stay in hospital.

J. R. McMurchy has been sent to Stanley temporarily to relieve Mr. Macleod.

Nelson River District

W. E. Brown, District Manager, returned to Winnipeg March 31, after a trip of inspection to Wabowden, Gillam, Churchill and Caribou.

During the District Manager's visit at Gillam, H. J. Mann, the manager at that point, seemed to be walking on air. It transpired that he was the proud father of a baby boy, born at The Pas on March 20. Congratulations.

W. J. Mason returned to Winnipeg after a well earned holiday in England. After a few weeks in Winnipeg he left for Trout Lake Post, where he will be stationed for Outfit 269.

We regret to report that T. C. Moore, after a prolonged stay in the Winnipeg General Hospital and a short period of convalescence, has again returned to the hospital for treatment. It is hoped that his recovery will be speedy and complete.

Another recent visitor to Winnipeg was Joe Bennett, who presided over the M.S. *Fort Severn's* galley during the 1937 season. After undergoing treatment at the Winnipeg General Hospital he returned to Churchill, firm in the belief that the north was the best place after all.

Transport preparations for the coming season are now in full swing. Captain Barbour will again be master of the *Fort Severn*, while S. Bradbury will be Chief Engineer. The 1938 itinerary calls for five trips during the season.

R. Sheppard, of the Cyril-Knight Prospecting Company, and E. Connelly, of the Stringer-Sturgeon Gold Mines, left Churchill by dog-team for points north during April. It is hoped that they have a pleasant trip.

We take pleasure in announcing the marriage of Joseph L. Ford, late manager of Repulse Bay post, to Miss Mary Marchington of Toronto. The wedding took place April 30.

Superior-Huron District

A. Riach of Cavell visited Winnipeg in February, bringing in Mrs. Riach, who underwent an operation for appendix at St. Boniface Hospital. Mrs. B. G. Clench

also underwent a serious operation during the winter, but we understand is now fully recovered.

Fire broke out in the Hudson store on the morning of March 6, but due to the very capable assistance of Starratt Airways' fire fighting equipment and to volunteer firemen, the building was not damaged to any great extent. Smoke and water damage, however, was considerable.

J. G. S. Browett and J. G. Boyd, managers, of Sioux Lookout and Red Lake respectively, were in Winnipeg during March attending to spring purchases for their stores.

H. J. McCullough of Nipigon is absent on sick leave. He is now at Fort William and his friends wish him a speedy return to normal health.

Congratulations to Mr. and Mrs. J. A. Burgesse of Gogama on the occasion of their marriage at Westmeath, Ontario, on April 18. Mrs. Burgesse was formerly Miss Anita LaMarche.

H. M. Park paid a hurried visit to Winnipeg during the Easter week-end and returned to St. Anthony Mines April 18.

M. S. Cook, who has been under medical care since late October, has returned to work and after a short stay at Hudson is now back at Timagami for the summer tourist season.

James Bay District

The ice broke up at Moosonee on April 26. This was an exceptionally early break-up, and less spectacular than usual, the river being very low.

Rev. L. A. Sampson, who was attached to the teaching staff of the Indian Residential School at Moose Factory, is now at Rupert's House, succeeding Rev. Moreau, who went to England last fall to reside permanently.

Rev. Mr. and Mrs. Joselyn, of Albany, are enjoying a well earned vacation in Eastern Canada, and plan to return to Moose Factory early in June.

There was an outbreak of typhoid fever at Grassy Narrows in March, but prompt measures taken by the Department of Indian Affairs stamped out the epidemic.

J. L. Charlton, Manager of English River Post, who was confined to hospital in Winnipeg for four weeks, has returned to duty fully recovered.

Mrs. J. L. Charlton visited Winnipeg recently for a few days for dental treatment.

Apprentice R. Jeffrey came out from Great Whale River by dog team, and is at present in Toronto for medical attention.

E. E. Bates, took a merchandising course at Winnipeg in April and has now returned to his Post at Pagwa River.

Mrs. A. K. Black, who is on a visit to her parents at Port Arthur, Ontario, is returning to Ogoki Post in June.

There is still a great scarcity of game in James Bay, but there are indications that next winter may witness the beginning of an upward cycle for country food.

St. Lawrence District

On May 6 a party of representatives of the German State Railways visited the Company's Fur Department at 100 McGill St., Montreal.

Captain Donald B. McMillan, northern explorer, who has been lecturing in Montreal, also paid us a visit accompanied by Mrs. McMillan.

The annual meeting of the Province of Quebec association for the protection of fish and game was held on April 29 at the Mount Royal Hotel. The Hon. D.Gagnon, Minister of Mines, Game and Fisheries, was the principal speaker, and Dr. Harrison Lewis, Chief Federal Migratory Birds Officer, Ontario and Quebec, was the guest speaker. Mr. Gagnon particularly emphasized that his department intended to take strong measures to stamp out poaching. Dr. Lewis spoke on the migratory bird problem and the steps the Federal Government were taking to protect wild fowl. He showed moving pictures taken in the Gulf of St. Lawrence of the habits of the Eider Duck.

We were pleased to welcome D. Robertson, Fur Trade Controller, on his first visit to this office on April 17.

S. C. Knapp, formerly of Ungava District, who is studying art in Toronto, paid a visit to Montreal during April, and called at the office. He is a most enthusiastic student, and is full of determination to make a success of his new career.

The first liner to arrive in Montreal for the 1938 season was the *S.S. Duchess of Bedford* of the C.P.O.S. She arrived on April 18, and was closely followed by the Cunarders *Andania* and *Aurania*. Captain Meikle, formerly first officer and making his first trip up the river as master of the *Duchess*, received the gold headed cane.

Pilot J. H. Lymburner, who has been in charge of the Oskelaneo base for Canadian Airways Limited, will, we understand, again accompany Lincoln Ellsworth to the Antarctic this summer. We extend "Red" Lymburner our congratulations and best wishes for happy landings.

An unusual phenomenon occurred at Natashquan on March 30 about 8 p.m., when an aerolite was seen by many of the local people. It is said the light given by this celestial visitor was brighter than the moon and lit up the country-side. It resembled a huge rocket, and seemed very close to the earth. After a while it burst, and three large circular parts detached themselves, going off in different directions. The main portion burned itself out before reaching the horizon. After the passing of the aerolite, a rumbling noise like far away thunder was heard.

On March 11 at St. Augustine Post, a son was born to Mr. and Mrs. A. Mercer. Congratulations to the happy parents.

A ban has been placed on lobster fishing in the Gulf of St. Lawrence along a four-hundred-mile stretch, from Seven Islands to Blanc Sablon, for four years from May 19, 1938, to May 19, 1942.

Congratulations also to Mr. and Mrs. H. Lariviere of Senneterre post, the proud parents of a son and heir, who weighed ten pounds on arrival and is making excellent progress.

At Mattice, bush activities were brought to an unusually early end for the season, springlike weather preventing many settlers from hauling their pulpwood out to main roads for removal to railway sidings.

Canadian Airways Limited's field staffs have returned, after the break-up period, to the Oskelaneo and Senneterre bases, ready for the summer flying work. Pilot A. Funke of Senneterre has already visited our Woswonaby Post. We hear that the latter is being transferred to the Oskelaneo base, succeeding Pilot Lymburner.

Labrador District

We record with deep regret the passing of another old-timer, and proud possessor of the Company's 250th Anniversary Medal, Samuel James Broomfield, of Big Bay, near Davis Inlet, Labrador, who died at his home April 16 in his eighty-eighth year. Uncle Sam, as he was popularly known along the Labrador coast, was a staunch advocate of the Company and a true friend to all its employees with whom he came in contact. His home was an hospitable way-side inn where travellers were assured a sincere welcome and food for themselves and their dog teams. For the past two years he has been blind, but even this affliction did not curb his cheerfulness. The writer of these notes last visited him in the spring of 1937, and upon his departure, Uncle Sam insisted upon saying goodbye to him, out by the Komotik, attired in his usual Prince Albert coat with his cherished H B medal on its lapel. One of his sons, Abram, is employed by the Company at Cape Smith. To him and the other members of the family, we extend our deepest sympathy.

We also sympathize with Rev. Mr. Grubb, Moravian Missionary at Hopedale, whose wife died there on March 28, and also with S. E. Dawe, Manager of Hebron Post, whose father died at Port de Grave, Newfoundland, during the latter part of April.

The M.S. *Fort Garry* is being made ready to take up her season's work, supplying Labrador and Ungava Bay Posts. She will leave on her first voyage to Southern Labrador Posts from St. John's on May 28.

The S.S. *Silver City* has been purchased by Messrs. Job Brothers & Company, Limited, and will be engaged in the fresh salmon industry in Newfoundland and Labrador this coming summer, replacing the S.S. *Blue Peter*.

The deck crew of R.M.S. *Nascopie* passed through *en route* to Halifax to join their ship, taking passage by the S.S. *Fort Amherst* on April 30.

C. W. Cave, Manager of Hopedale Post, was married to Miss Evelyn Shaw at Makkovik on April 16. Previous to her marriage, Miss Shaw was a school teacher with the Moravian Mission at Makkovik. We extend felicitations and wish the happy couple *bon voyage* through life.

The Newfoundland seal fishery has just concluded with a total catch for eight ships of 226,747 seals, the largest number since 1934. All ships had good trips, and the price of "fat" was the highest paid sealers since 1929. Jobs' ships, *Ungava* and *Neptune*, brought in 47,534 and 16,899 seals respectively.

Ungava District

H B C radiograms are now taken as a matter of course in Ungava District, and by this means of communication we have heard from all posts in the District except Clyde, Mansel Island, Port Burwell and Georges River. Chief Wireless Operator S. G. L. Horner has plans under way for the erection of seven additional private commercial radio stations in Ungava District during the coming season, and this will give us a total of eleven H B C stations for Outfit 269, as follows: CY7R, Stupart's Bay; CY7Q, Lake Harbour; CY7P, Wolstenholme; CZ4T, Cape Dorset; CY7O, Fort McKenzie; CZ5R, Leaf

River; CY7N, Pangnirtung; CY7M, Southampton Island; CZ4Y, Cape Smith, CZ5H, Arctic Bay; and CY7L, Fort Ross.

If we include the Government radio station, VAL, at Port Harrison, this will make a total of twelve posts in direct radio-telegraph communication with District Office. Gone is the isolation of the North!

On April 16, the winter packet arrived in Winnipeg from Stupart's Bay, Sugluk, Wolstenholme, Cape Smith, Povungnetuk, and Port Harrison. This packet was taken from Port Harrison to Great Whale River by dog team by courtesy of L.-Cpl. Weston, in charge of the Royal Canadian Mounted Police Detachment at Port Harrison. From Great Whale River it was taken south to railhead at Moose Factory by the regular James Bay packet team and thence to District Office in Winnipeg. By this packet we were sorry to learn that Eskimo Goomook was killed by a snowslide about twenty miles from Stupart's Bay on the 19th November last. All throughout northern Quebec heavy snowfalls were experienced in the early winter months.

District Accountant C. H. J. Winter spent the greater part of the months of February and March at the District Office in Edmonton, returning to Winnipeg on the 26th March to resume his duties at Ungava District Office.

Messrs. Coates, Manning and Stanners, who are having a winter's furlough, were in Winnipeg from March 30 until May 6, taking a course of wireless telegraphy, fur grading, and other subjects, and will be returning north with the *Nascopie* for further duty in the Eastern Arctic.

We regret to report the death of Mrs. S. G. Ford, who passed away at Pentz, Nova Scotia, following an operation, on April 19, 1938. Mrs. Melton, of Povungnetuk, suffered a double bereavement first in the death of her sister Grace in Toronto on March 23, and again in the death of her father at Los Angeles, California, on April 2. We extend to the bereaved families our sincere sympathy.

STAFF CHANGES

ST. LAWRENCE DISTRICT

Name	From	To
Norman Wilding	North Bay F.P.A.	District Office, Relieving
H. Haynes	Montreal	Natashquan, Relieving
William Campbell	Baie Comeau	F.T.C.O.
H. R. Cummings	Weymontachingue	Grand Lac, Relief

SUPERIOR-HURON DISTRICT

Johnson, D.	Manager, Red Rock	Clerk, Hudson
MacNaughton, A. E.	Clerk, Hudson	Relief Manager, Pagwa
H. J. McCullough	Clerk, Nipigon	Leave of absence
F. Lugrin	Fur Buyer, Sioux Lookout	Mackenzie River Transport
M. S. Cook	Sick leave	Manager, Temagami

SASKATCHEWAN DISTRICT

J. R. McMurchy	Winnipeg	Relief Manager, Stanley Post
J. Murdoch	Montreal Lake	Mackenzie River Transport
J. J. McPhail	Training School, Winnipeg	Apprentice, God's Lake
D. C. Thacker	Training School, Winnipeg	Appren., Pelican Narrows
W. M. Garnett	Training School, Winnipeg	Appren., Montreal Lake Post
B. M. May	Training School, Winnipeg	Appren., Clear Lake Post

SASKATCHEWAN DISTRICT—*Continued*

Name	From	To
J. E. Walker	Training School, Winnipeg	Appren., Stanley Post
J. Beriziuk	Pelican Narrows	Training School, Winnipeg
G. Sturrock	Saskatchewan District Office	Fur Trade Commissioner's Office
J. Buchan	Canadian Committee Office	Saskatchewan District Office

MACKENZIE-ATHABASCA DISTRICT

Nunn, S. R.	Training School	Apprentice, Goldfields
G. C. M. Collins	Saskatchewan District	Manager, Fort Simpson

NELSON RIVER DISTRICT

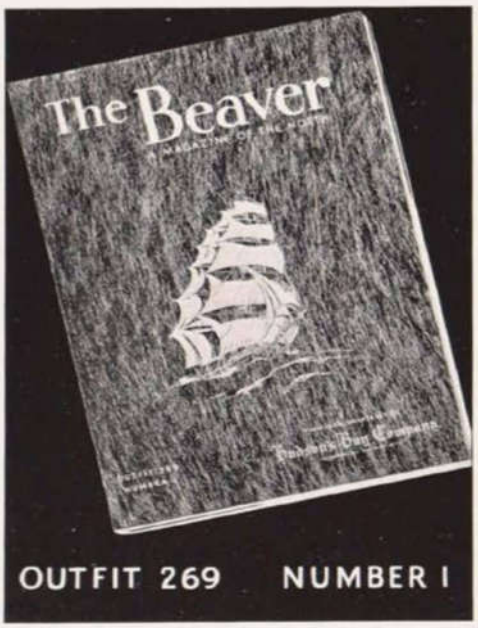
W. J. Mason	Furlough	Clerk, Trout Lake
N. Gray		Storekeeper, Shamattawa

BRITISH COLUMBIA DISTRICT

J. Copeland	Apprentice, Wabasca	Furlough
J. H. Berg	Training School, Winnipeg	Apprentice, Kitwanga
Robert Walker	Furlough	Relief Manager, Hazelton

NOTE FOR PHILATELISTS

The old northwest gate of Upper Fort Garry, close to Hudson's Bay House, Winnipeg, is engraved on Canada's new 20-cent stamp which goes on sale June 15. It is one of six new stamps to complete the King George VI regular series. Commenting editorially, *The Ottawa Citizen* pronounces the Fort Garry stamp the outstanding design of the series: "The stamps in the new issue form an interesting group. At once it can be said that they are an advance over previous issues. They might be called a distinct departure which retains the essential characteristics of Canadian stamps. The engraving, judging from photographs, is excellent, and up to Canada's usual high standard of workmanship . . . Without much doubt, the best design among the new pictorials is the 20-cent Fort Garry stamp. In this, simplicity has been achieved and a certain modernity. The decoration is confined to the maple leaf borders at each side, which are singularly apt. The temptation to put in the usual curlycues has been successfully resisted, while the lettering is much improved."



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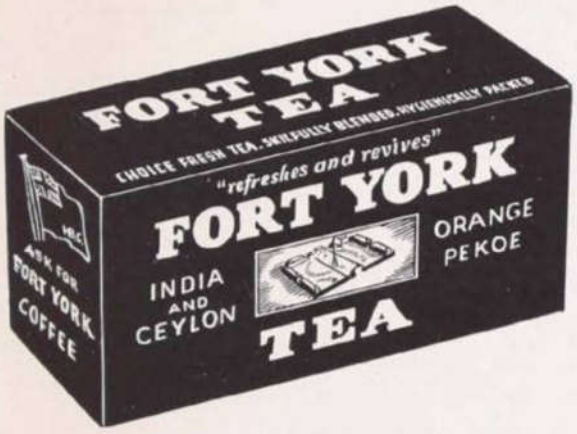

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29c Half Pound

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